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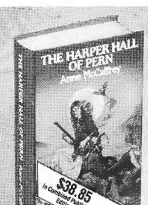

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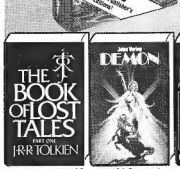

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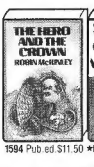

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IT'S GREAT...BEST GAWDAM THING EVER HAPPENED TO ME... WE HAVE COSTUMES, BIG MEETINGS, A SECRET HANDSHAKE... AND PARTIES! GREAT PARTIES!

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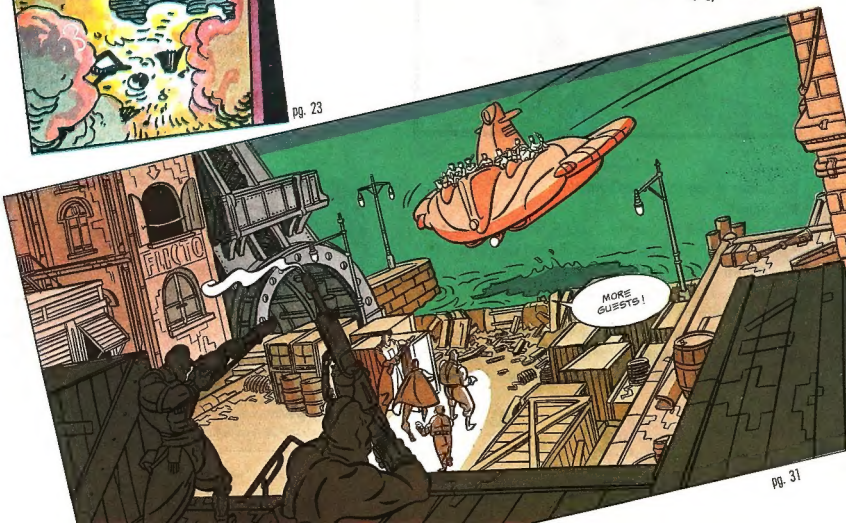

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Catch Up

Short synopses of what's happened so far in the continued strips.

Rebel
Pepe Moreno
Brooklyn, New York ... The year is 2002. The general population has diminished, except for a few streetwise degenerates, who rule the bombed-out borough. Rebel and his gang stalk the streets in hopes of wiping out the Sanitation Police (the law) once and for all.

Sillavengo
Massimo Ghini
Back from his dangerous mission in the Sudan, Sillavengo is in Palermo, where he meets with General De Bassaccia, who congratulates him on his success.

An Author in Search of Six Characters
Milo Manara
The curtain is up, and the actors are in place ... maybe. It all went askew from the start when the director of a small, off-off-off Broadway play didn't show up. Then the lead actress pulled the same. What we ended up with is a sadomasochistic secretary directing, a naive, simple seamstress as star, and a script that slips in and out of reality indefinitely. There's this suitcase filled with important plans that might save the world from a fate worse than death, and a Rastafarian who initiates a trip to deepest, darkest Zion to deliver the plans to their rightful owner. The conclusion to this twisted tale appears in this issue.

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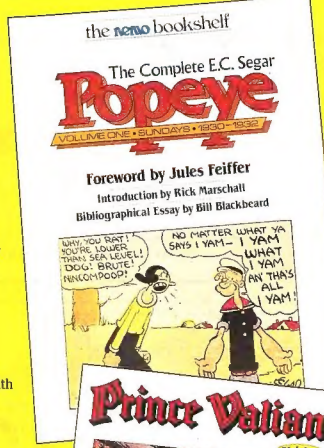
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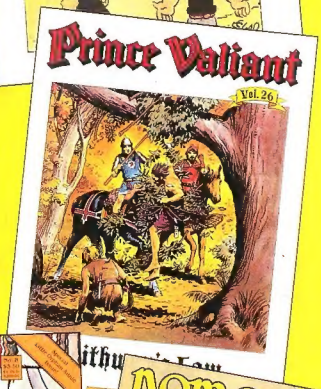
Bibliographical Essay by Bill Blackbeard
WHY, YOU RAT! YOU'RE LOWER THAN SEA LEVEL! DOG! BRUTE! RHINOCEROS!
NO MATTER WHAT YA SAYS I YAM— I YAM WHAT I YAM AN THAS ALL I YAM!



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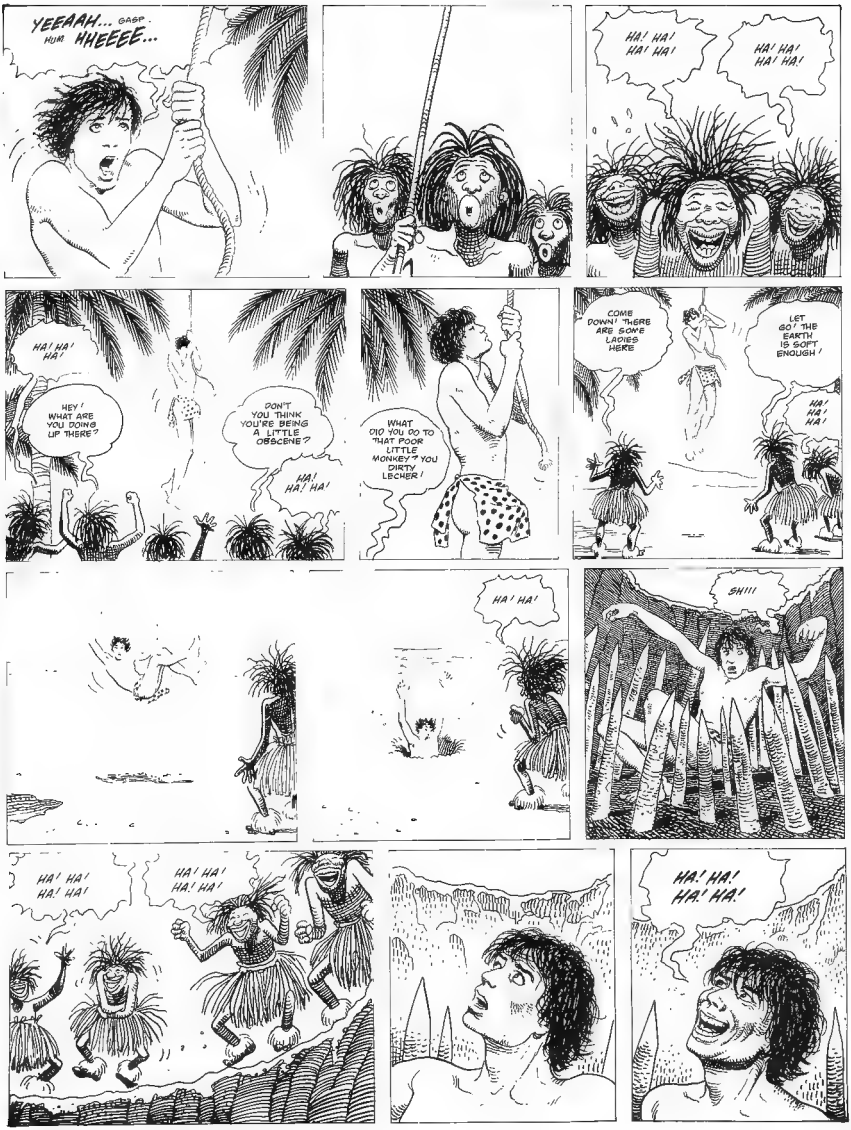
COME ON! I NEED SOMEONE TO PLAY THE PART OF PRINCE CHARMING.
I WANT TO DO IT!
OKAY, GO GET READY! YOU'VE GOT TO BE BLOND, ELEGANT, AND YOU ARE GOING TO MAKE YOUR ENTRANCE ON A BEAUTIFUL WHITE HORSE.
An Author in Search of Six Characters
by Milo Manara
AND YOU, BERGMAN, DIDN'T YOU WANT TO HAVE A REAL AFRICAN ADVENTURE? YOU'LL PLAY THE PART OF THE WHITE EXPLORER...
DRESS HIM UP AS TARZAN!
I IMAGINE I WON'T GET ANYWHERE IF I REFUSE!
HEY! WE DON'T HAVE A LEOPARD-SKIN LOIN CLOTH FOR HIM! LOOK FOR ONE!
LOU-LOU'S T-SHIRT WILL DO!
TARZAN NEEDS YOUR T-SHIRT. AND YOU HAVE TO GET CHANGED FOR YOUR FINAL SCENE ANYWAY!
PERFECT!
THE SPITTING IMAGE!
FANTASTIC!
SO, WHERE'S THIS MONKEY?
I CAN PLAY HER! I'VE NEVER BEEN IN A COMIC STRIP BEFORE!

ONE MOMENT, PLEASE...
BALUBA BI! BO BI BOU! GOO GOO!
HERE ARE YOUR CLOTHES FOR THE FINAL SCENE.
I CAN'T BELIEVE MY EYES! I'M FINALLY GOING TO BE ABLE TO WEAR UNDERPANTS IN THIS STORY.
OKAY! WE HAVE EXACTLY 176 PANELS LEFT. READY?
IS EVERYTHING READY? IS THE SET FINISHED YET?
I'VE FINISHED! THE BIRDS AREN'T TERRIFIC, BUT THE TREES TURNED OUT OKAY, DIDN'T THEY?
OKAY! ANYTHING MISSING?
NO, NOTHING! THERE'S EVEN THE TV AND THE TELEPHONE!
GOOD! LET'S BEGIN! LOU-LOU, GET ONSTAGE!
YOU UP THERE! MAKE SURE THERE ARE PLENTY OF PETALS FALLING DOWN. THE PUBLIC LIKES THEM.
YOU DOWN THERE! YOU HAVE TO ACT LIKE A FESTIVE CROWD! SOLAR ENERGY IS NOW FREE. NO FEAR OF POLLUTION ANYMORE. YOU SHOULD BE WILD WITH JOY!!
READY TO SHOOT!

HERE COMES PRINCE CHARMING ON HIS WHITE HORSE!
YEAHHHHH
HOP!
WHAT DO YOU THINK OF MY ENTRANCE?? AND HOW ABOUT MY COSTUME, ISN'T IT A STROKE OF GENIUS??
YES, YES, GO ON!
OKAY! WELL... HERE I AM, HOME AT LAST! HA, HA!
LET'S TURN ON THE TV. IT'S SO CHEAP NOW THAT SOLAR ENERGY IS FREE!
DO YOU HAVE A DANDRUFF PROBLEM?
NO, NO! YOU HAVE TO GET ON WITH THE LOVE SCENE!
OKAY, OKAY... HERE WE GO...
WHY? WASN'T MY SOLAR ENERGY LINE A GOOD ONE?
YEAH, IT WAS FANTASTIC!
COME ON, LITTLE LADY. LET'S GET ON WITH IT! WE DON'T HAVE MUCH TIME!
NO, NO! NOT LIKE THAT!!
YOU'RE DOING A LOVE SCENE! YOU MUST BE GENTLE! YOU CAN'T JUST LOWER YOUR PANTS AND RAM IT IN!
HEY! IT'S NOT MY FAULT. THESE PANTS DON'T HAVE A ZIPPER.
WELL, ARE WE GOING TO GET ON WITH THE STORY OR NOT?

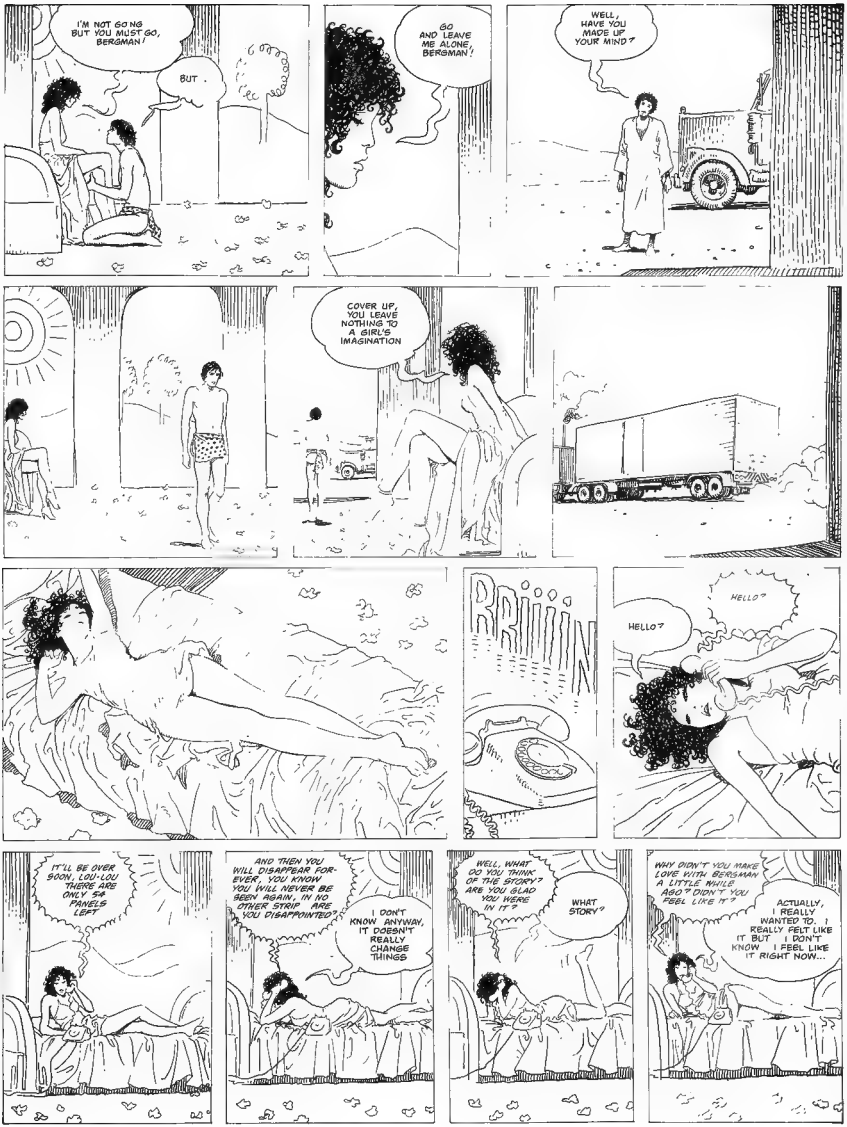
I'VE HAD ENOUGH! WHY DON'T YOU HAVE HIM PLAY PRINCE CHARMING?
I CAN'T TAKE IT ANYMORE! DO WHATEVER YOU MUST TO GET THIS THING FINISHED, ONE WAY OR ANOTHER THESE CONTINUOUS INTERRUPTIONS ARE DRIVING ME CRAZY!
OH, SO THAT'S THE WAY IT IS, IS IT? WELL IF YOU FEEL LIKE THAT
YOU! GET UP THERE! YOU PIECE OF SHIT!
GREAT! THERE YOU ARE, YOU TWO, BILLING AND COOING, THE WHOLE WORLD IS REJOICING, ENERGY IS FREE, EVERYTHING SEEMS TO BE GOING WELL BUT HERE COME THE TROUBLEMAKERS
BALJBA! BONGO! BONGO!
BINGO! BANGO! BANGO! BOU BOU!
GREAT BIG WHITE PUDDING, I'M GOING TO CUT OFF YOUR BALLS!
YOU DIRTY BLOND NOTHING, I'LL CUT OFF YOUR ENGINE!
HA, HA, HA, HA!
HA, HA, HA!
I MUST ATTRACT MR BO'S ATTENTION WITHOUT THE OTHERS NOTICING IT!
YOU POLECAT FACE, YOU! I'M GOING TO BREAK YOUR NUTS!
IF YOU'RE NOT CAREFUL, YOU NITWIT, I'LL BREAK ALL YOUR TOYS!
HA! HA! HA! HA!
GREAT. BO SAW ME GO HE'LL FOLLOW
YOU IDIOT, POKER FACE! I'M GOING TO TAKE AWAY YOUR SPEAR!
HA! HA! HA! HA!
HEY! YOU CAN'T LEAVE YOU MUST STAY HERE AND PROTECT YOUR SQUAW!
YOU IDIOT! SQUAW IS THE NAME FOR AN INDIAN WOMAN
HA! HA! A SQUAW! HA! HA!

HEY! HE'S REALLY SCARED!
HA! HA!
BALUBO BOU! BONGO BOU BOU!
BONGO! BONGO!
HA! HA!
HEY, DARKIE! YOUR CLOCK IS FAST!
OH! WELL, I'M GOING TO WALK MORE SLOWLY
HA! HA! HA!
HA! HA! HA!
HEY, TARZAN! GET READY! YOU HAVE TO INTERVENE TO SAVE YOUR WHITE COMRADES! DON'T FORGET TO YELL!
TO YELL?
COME ON! TARZAN'S FAMOUS YELL! YOU KNOW HOW THAT CAME TO BE, DON'T YOU?
NOT REALLY
I READ SOMEWHERE THAT ONE DAY TARZAN WAS CARRYING JANE FROM ONE TREE TO ANOTHER, SWINGING ON A CREEPER
BUT JANE WAS HANGING ON TO THESE WOULD YOU LIKE TO TRY?
SWEET JESUS!!
BONGO BONGO!
HA! HA! HA!
HA! HA! HA!
HOU! GOUGOU!
HA! HA! HA!
BUMBA BUMBA BARAGANGA!
OH! OH! HA! HA!
HI! HI! OH! OH!


YEEAAH... GASP.
HUH HHEEEE...
HA! HA! HA! HA!
HA! HA! HA! HA!
HA! HA! HA!
HEY! WHAT ARE YOU DOING UP THERE?
DON'T YOU THINK YOU'RE BEING A LITTLE OBSCENE?
HA! HA! HA!
WHAT DID YOU DO TO THAT POOR LITTLE MONKEY? YOU DIRTY LECHER!
COME DOWN! THERE ARE SOME LADIES HERE
LET GO! THE EARTH IS SOFT ENOUGH!
HA! HA! HA!
HA! HA!
SH!!!
HA! HA! HA! HA!
HA! HA! HA! HA!
HA! HA! HA! HA!

HA! HA! HA!
HA! HA! HA!
HA! HA! HA!
WE CAN'T GO ON RUNNING LIKE THIS! LET'S STOP AND WAIT FOR THEM HERE. MR BO, THROW YOUR WEIGHT AROUND; BEAT THEM UP! WE'LL SEE IF THEY'LL STILL FEEL LIKE LAUGHING!
HA! HA! HA!
BUT THOSE THOSE ARE
OH....

NOW I UNDERSTAND WHY THEY STOPPED US FROM JUMPING INTO THE PRECIPICE. THEY WANTED TO KILL US THEMSELVES.
I DON'T THINK SO. YOU MAY BE WRONG. EVEN SO, THEY HAVE A RIGHT TO DO THAT, IF IT'S IN THE SCRIPT.
IN ANY CASE, THERE ARE ONLY A FEW MORE PAGES, AND THEN I'LL DISAPPEAR FOREVER...
WHAT ARE WE GOING TO DO, LOU-LOU?
NOTHING. I'M GOING TO DO ABSOLUTELY NOTHING.
HEY! YOU TWO!
I'M LEAVING. DO YOU WANT A RIDE?
SHALL WE GO, LOU-LOU?


I'M NOT GOING BUT YOU MUST GO, BERGMAN!
BUT...
GO AND LEAVE ME ALONE, BERGMAN!
WELL, HAVE YOU MADE UP YOUR MIND?
COVER UP, YOU LEAVE NOTHING TO A GIRL'S IMAGINATION
BRRIIIIN
HELLO?
HELLO?
IT'LL BE OVER SOON, LOU-LOU THERE ARE ONLY 54 PANELS LEFT
AND THEN YOU WILL DISAPPEAR FOREVER, YOU KNOW YOU WILL NEVER BE SEEN AGAIN, IN NO OTHER STRIP ARE YOU DISAPPOINTED?
I DON'T KNOW ANYWAY, IT DOESN'T REALLY CHANGE THINGS
WELL, WHAT DO YOU THINK OF THE STORY? ARE YOU GLAD YOU WERE IN IT?
WHAT STORY?
WHY DIDN'T YOU MAKE LOVE WITH BERGMAN A LITTLE WHILE AGO? DIDN'T YOU FEEL LIKE IT?
ACTUALLY, I REALLY WANTED TO. I REALLY FELT LIKE IT BUT I DON'T KNOW I FEEL LIKE IT RIGHT NOW...

I CAN MAKE HIM COME BACK, IF YOU WISH.
NO, NO, IT'S TOO LATE NOW
YOU KNOW WE DID TREAT YOU AS A SEXUAL OBJECT, AND I'M REALLY SORRY ABOUT THAT, LOU-LOU...!
LOU-LOU IS NOT MY REAL NAME, AND FROM NOW ON I FORBID YOU TO CALL ME THAT!
AND WHAT'S MORE, I'VE DISCOVERED THAT I GET EXCITED AT THE THOUGHT THAT PEOPLE ARE SEEING ME NAKED..
WELL I ONLY HAVE A FEW PANELS LEFT. DO YOU NEED ANYTHING?
NO, I'M A LITTLE SCARED.
CAN I HELP YOU?
GIVE ME AS MANY PANELS AS POSSIBLE
THAT'S ALL?
YES, THAT'S ALL
I'LL DO WHAT I CAN. I CAN'T ADD ON ANY PAGES
WELL, GIVE ME AS MUCH AS YOU CAN AND THEN LEAVE ME ALONE!
I GUESS I COULD MAKE THE PANELS SMALLER, AND THERE WOULD BE MORE OF THEM BUT
HELLO, LOU-LOU, CAN YOU HEAR ME?
BUT WHAT IS SHE DOING?
COVER HER UP!!
JUST PUT THE WORD FIN ON TOP OF HER, LIKE THAT!
LOU-LOU, LISTEN TO ME!...
FIN
HELLO!. HELLO?..
GIVE ME AS MANY PANELS AS YOU CAN, AND GO TO HELL!

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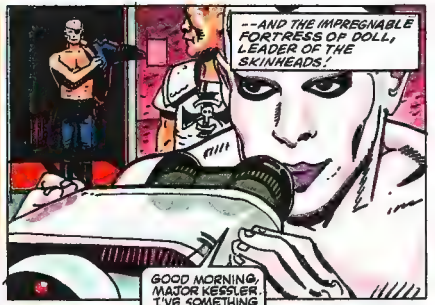
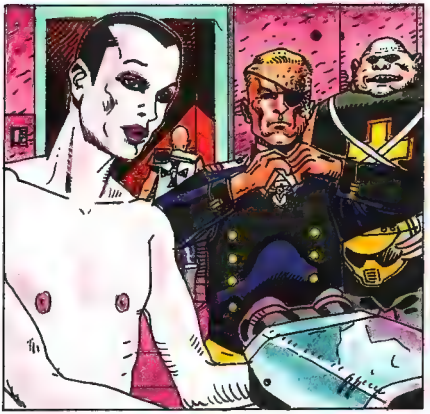
WATCH OUT! HERE COMES THE OTHER ONE!
VROOOAAAARRR
¢@#!?
HE'S RIGHT BEHIND US!
REBEL
DO SOMETHING, REBEL! HE'S GONNA FRY US!
THOSE BARRELS...
HANG ON!
?
WANG
MADRE DE DIOS...
CRASH!!
CAREENING OUT OF CONTROL, THE HELPLESS PURSUERS BECOME ENTANGLED IN THE BRIDGE CABLES--
--DYING IN A SEARING BALL OF FIRE.

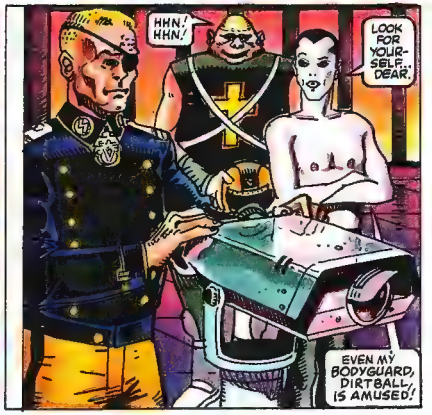
JUST THEN, THE OTHER MEMBERS OF THE REBEL GANG ARRIVE ON THE SCENE...
REBEL! ARE YOU GUYS ALL RIGHT? WHAT HAPPENED?
I GUESS YOU MIGHT CALL IT A HOT PURSUIT.
YEAH! SO HOT SOMEBODY GOT BURNED.
THE HELMET TOOK MOST OF THE BEATING.
YOU GUYS HAVE ALL THE FUN.
THWARTED, THE DRAGON CAR TURNS AWAY. THIS BATTLE IS OVER FOR NOW -- BUT THE TERRITORIAL WARS NEVER END.
WE'LL MEET AGAIN.
VROOM
VROOM
FROM AFAR, VIGILANT EYES ARE ALERTED BY THE DENSE COLUMN OF SMOKE.

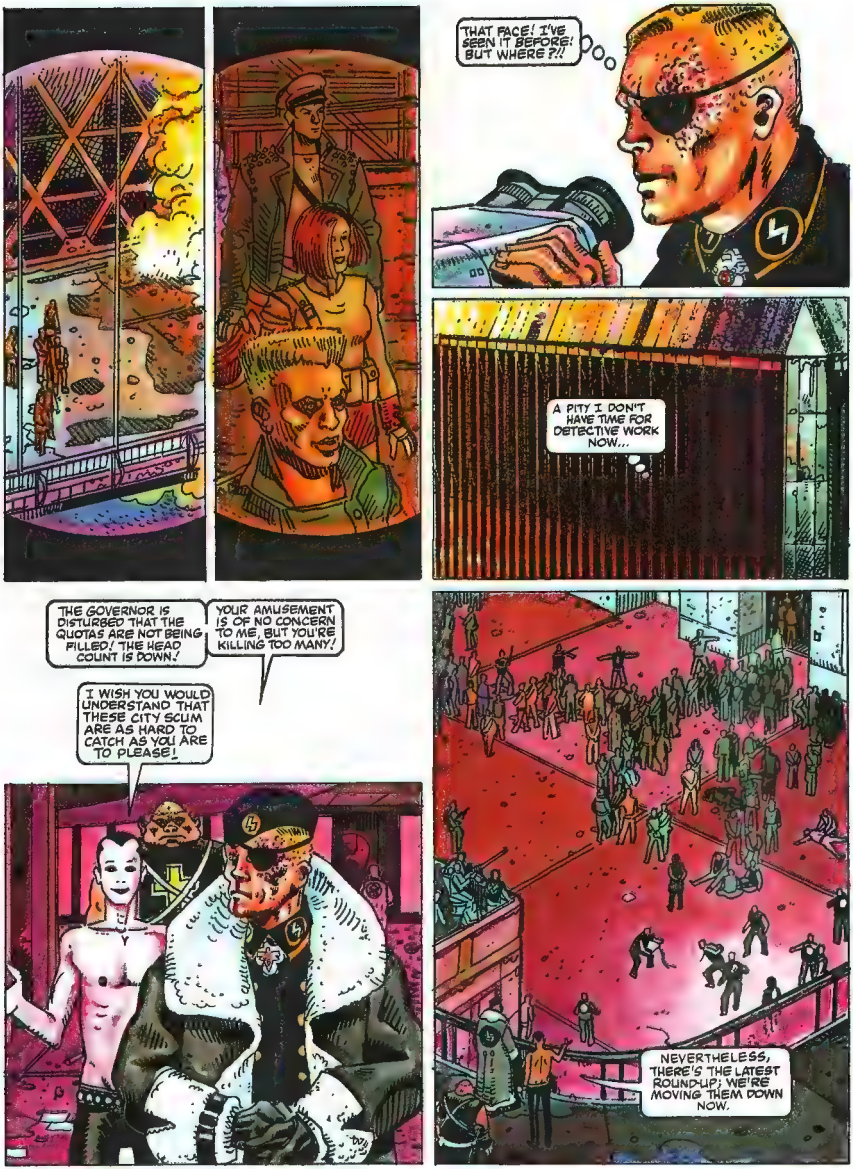
PERCHED HIGH ABOVE THE RUINS OF THE CITY IS "THE CASTLE," THE ONLY REMAINING TOWER OF THE ONCE FAMOUS WORLD TRADE CENTER--

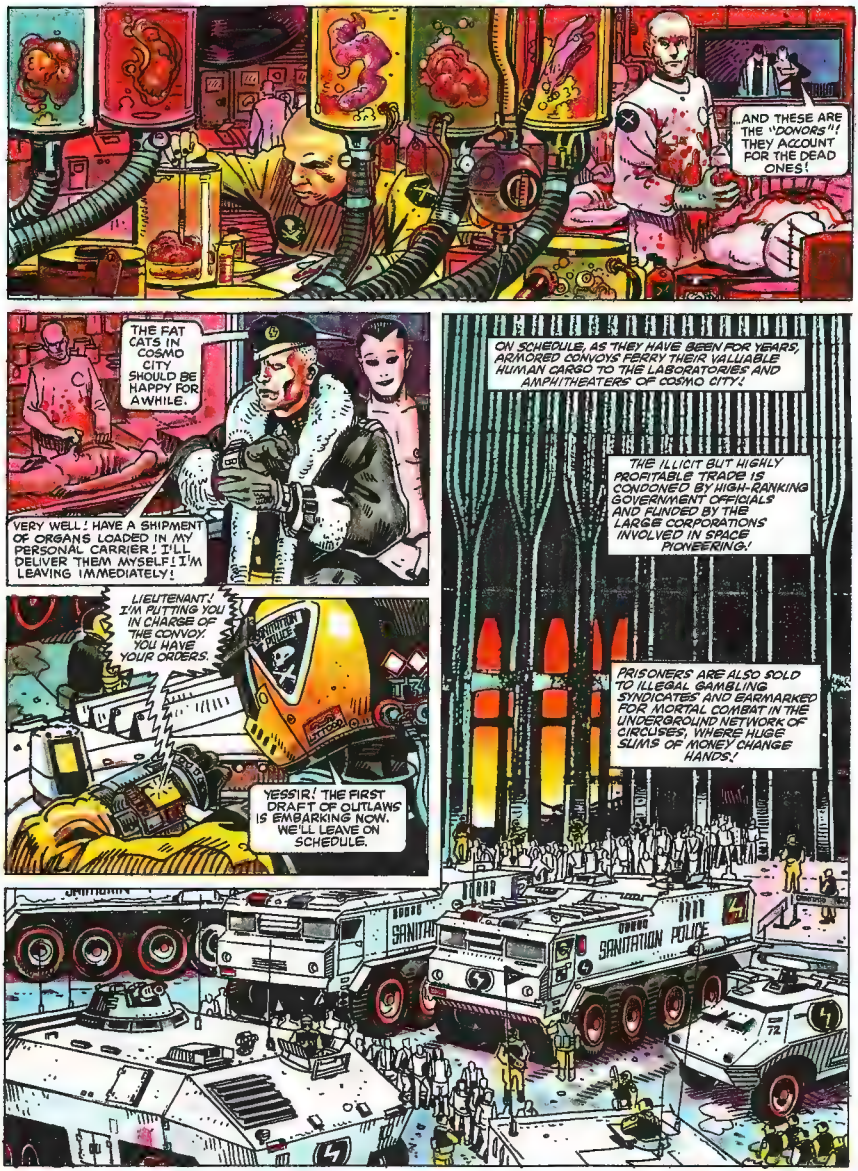

--AND THE IMPREGNABLE FORTRESS OF DOLL, LEADER OF THE SKINHEADS!

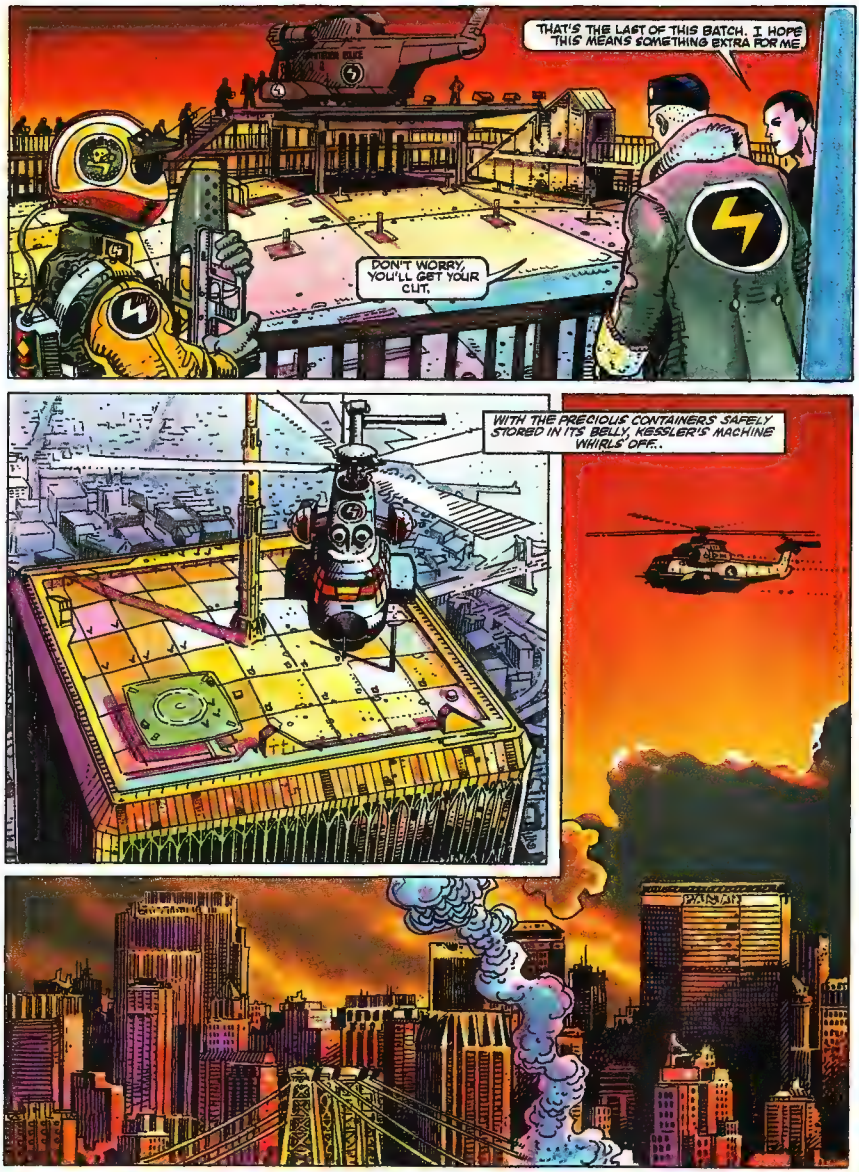
GOOD MORNING, MAJOR KESSLER. I'VE SOMETHING HERE YOU'D LIKE TO SEE.
I DON'T HAVE TIME FOR SIGHTSEEING, DOLL!
BUT YOU'LL LIKE THIS!
SANITATION POLICE




HHN! HHN!
LOOK FOR YOURSELF, DEAR.
EVEN MY BODYGUARD, DIRTBALL, IS AMUSED!

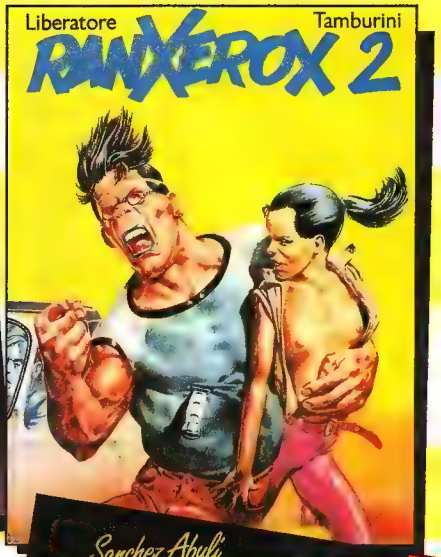

THAT FACE! I'VE SEEN IT BEFORE! BUT WHERE?!
A PITY I DON'T HAVE TIME FOR DETECTIVE WORK NOW...
THE GOVERNOR IS DISTURBED THAT THE QUOTAS ARE NOT BEING FILLED! THE HEAD COUNT IS DOWN!
YOUR AMUSEMENT IS OF NO CONCERN TO ME, BUT YOU'RE KILLING TOO MANY!
I WISH YOU WOULD UNDERSTAND THAT THESE CITY SCUM ARE AS HARD TO CATCH AS YOU ARE TO PLEASE!
NEVERTHELESS, THERE'S THE LATEST ROUND-UP! WE'RE MOVING THEM DOWN NOW.

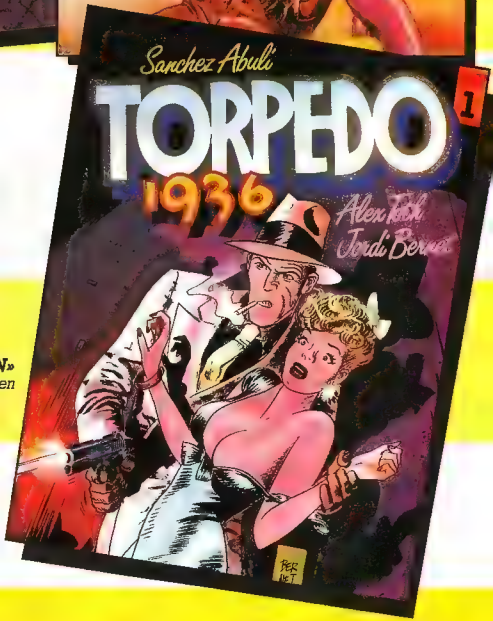

...AND THESE ARE THE "DONORS"! THEY ACCOUNT FOR THE DEAD ONES!
THE FAT CATS IN COSMO CITY SHOULD BE HAPPY FOR AWHILE.
VERY WELL! HAVE A SHIPMENT OF ORGANS LOADED IN MY PERSONAL CARRIER! I'LL DELIVER THEM MYSELF! I'M LEAVING IMMEDIATELY!
ON SCHEDULE, AS THEY HAVE BEEN FOR YEARS, ARMORED CONVOYS CARRY THEIR VALUABLE HUMAN CARGO TO THE LABORATORIES AND AMPHITHEATERS OF COSMO CITY!
THE ILLICIT BUT HIGHLY PROFITABLE TRADE IS CONDONED BY HIGH-RANKING GOVERNMENT OFFICIALS AND FUNDED BY THE LARGE CORPORATIONS INVOLVED IN SPACE PIONEERING!
PRISONERS ARE ALSO SOLD TO ILLEGAL GAMBLING SYNDICATES AND EARMARKED FOR MORTAL COMBAT IN THE UNDERGROUND NETWORK OF CIRCUSES, WHERE HUGE SUMS OF MONEY CHANGE HANDS!
LIEUTENANT! I'M PUTTING YOU IN CHARGE OF THE CONVOY. YOU HAVE YOUR ORDERS.
YESSIR! THE FIRST DRAFT OF OUTLAWS IS EMBARKING NOW. WE'LL LEAVE ON SCHEDULE.
SANITATION POLICE


THAT'S THE LAST OF THIS BATCH. I HOPE THIS MEANS SOMETHING EXTRA FOR ME.
DON'T WORRY, YOU'LL GET YOUR CUT.
WITH THE PRECIOUS CONTAINERS SAFELY STORED IN ITS BELLY, KESSLER'S MACHINE WHIRLS OFF..

FAR BELOW, THE STENCH OF BURNING FLESH IS HEAVY IN THE AIR.
LOOKS LIKE WE'RE TOO LATE FOR THE RAW ONES! THEY'RE GONE!
THERE'S NO ONE LEFT ALIVE HERE! LET'S SEE WHO THESE STIFFS ARE!
TURN THIS STEAK OVER! IT'S TOO BURNT ON TOP!
COME ON, GIVE ME A HAND!
HERE YOU ARE, CATCH!
IT'S NO GOOD! THERE'S NO TELLING WHO THIS CHARCOAL IS!
SKIN HEAD
WE'RE ALWAYS TOO LATE! IF WE DID THINGS MY WAY, WE'D GET HERE WHEN THE PARTY'S IN FULL SWING, NOT WHEN IT'S OVER!

TO BE CONTINUED





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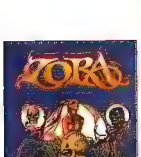

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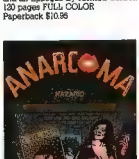

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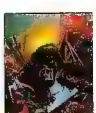

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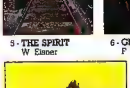

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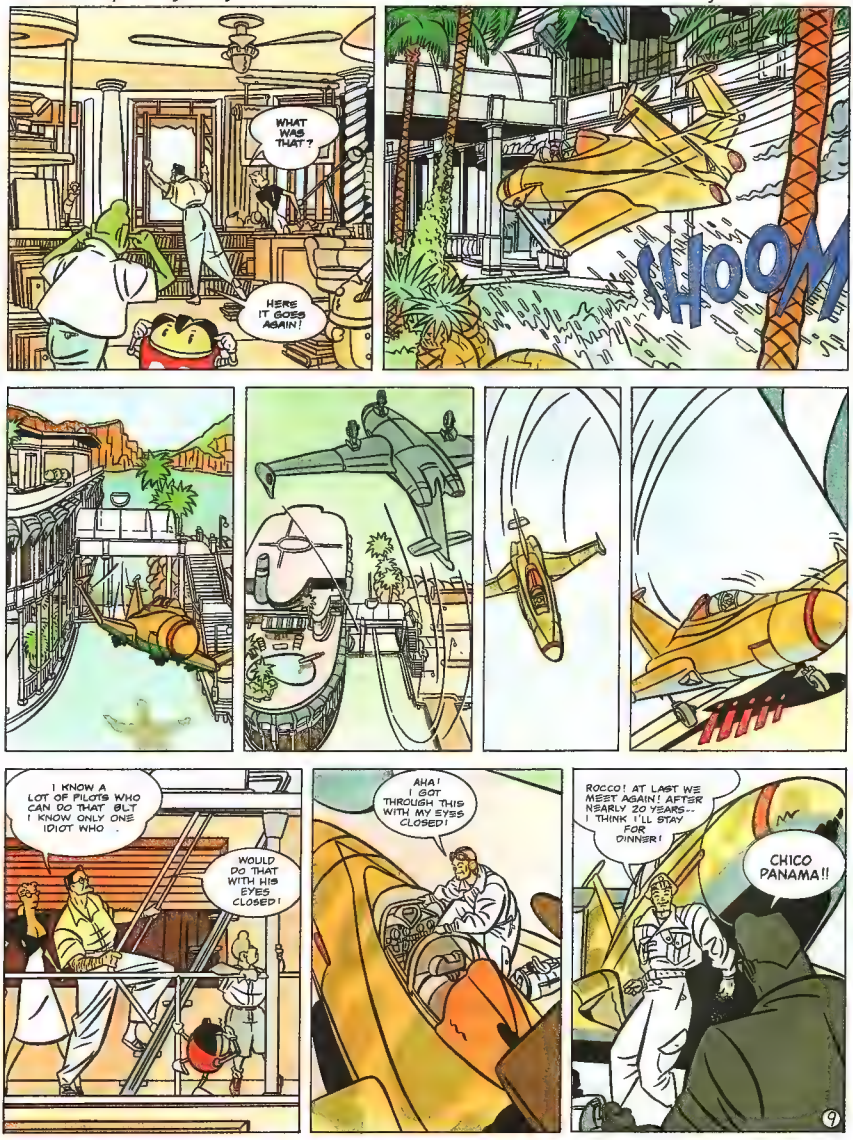
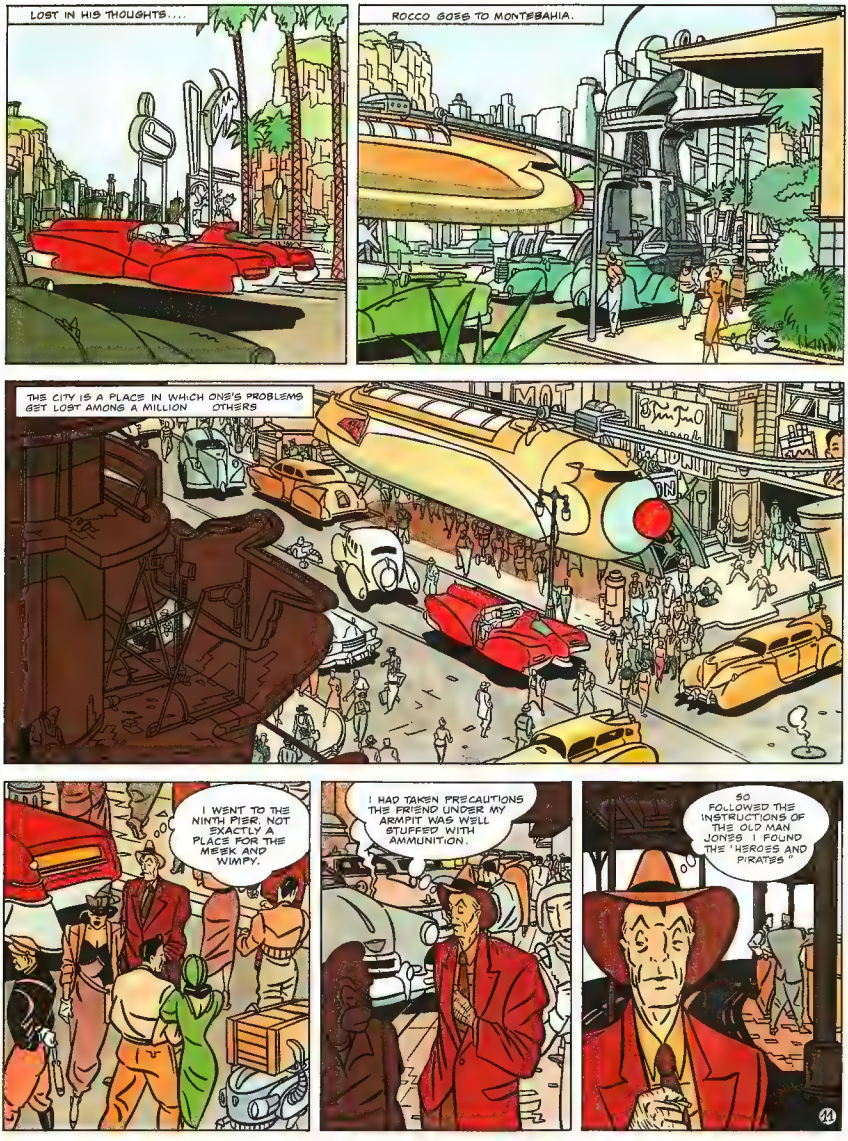
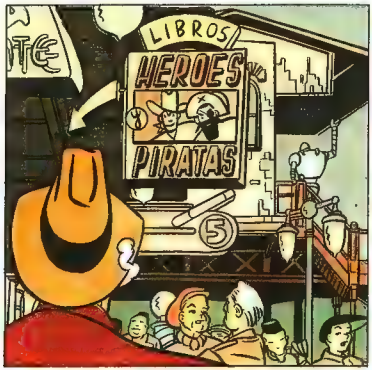

WHAT WAS THAT?
HERE IT GOES AGAIN!
KHOOM
I KNOW A LOT OF PILOTS WHO CAN DO THAT BUT I KNOW ONLY ONE IDIOT WHO .
WOULD DO THAT WITH HIS EYES CLOSED!
AHA! I GOT THROUGH THIS WITH MY EYES CLOSED!
ROCCO! AT LAST WE MEET AGAIN! AFTER NEARLY 20 YEARS-- I THINK I'LL STAY FOR DINNER!
CHICO PANAMA!!
9

WHERE DID YOU COME FROM? AND WHAT DO YOU WANT?
...SEEMS YOU'VE CHANGED, OLD PAL. BUT...
...I LOVE YOUR CURRENT COMPANION!
AND TO THINK THAT THIS GUY, WHO USED TO RISK HIS LIFE EVERY DAY, NOW SITS AT HIS DESK, TYPING AWAY!
CRAC!
GREAT! I HAVEN'T LOST MY BEST FRIEND YET!
HE'S BECOME VERY DAINTY, HASN'T HE, MY SWEET?
GO AWAY, PANAMA!
DON'T PAY ANY ATTENTION, HONEY, AND SHOW ME AROUND.
10


LOST IN HIS THOUGHTS....
ROCCO GOES TO MONTEBAHIA.
THE CITY IS A PLACE IN WHICH ONE'S PROBLEMS GET LOST AMONG A MILLION OTHERS
I WENT TO THE NINTH PIER, NOT EXACTLY A PLACE FOR THE MEEK AND WIMPY.
I HAD TAKEN PRECAUTIONS THE FRIEND UNDER MY ARMPIT WAS WELL STUFFED WITH AMMUNITION.
SO FOLLOWED THE INSTRUCTIONS OF THE OLD MAN JONES I FOUND THE "HEROES AND PIRATES"


LIBROS
HEROES
PIRATAS

I WANT A BOOK WHICH WILL BRING ME GOOD LUCK!
GO LOOK FOR IT!

A CHARMING PLACE. THE REGULARS WERE ALL WALKING ON THE MOON , WITHOUT THEIR SPACE SUITS!

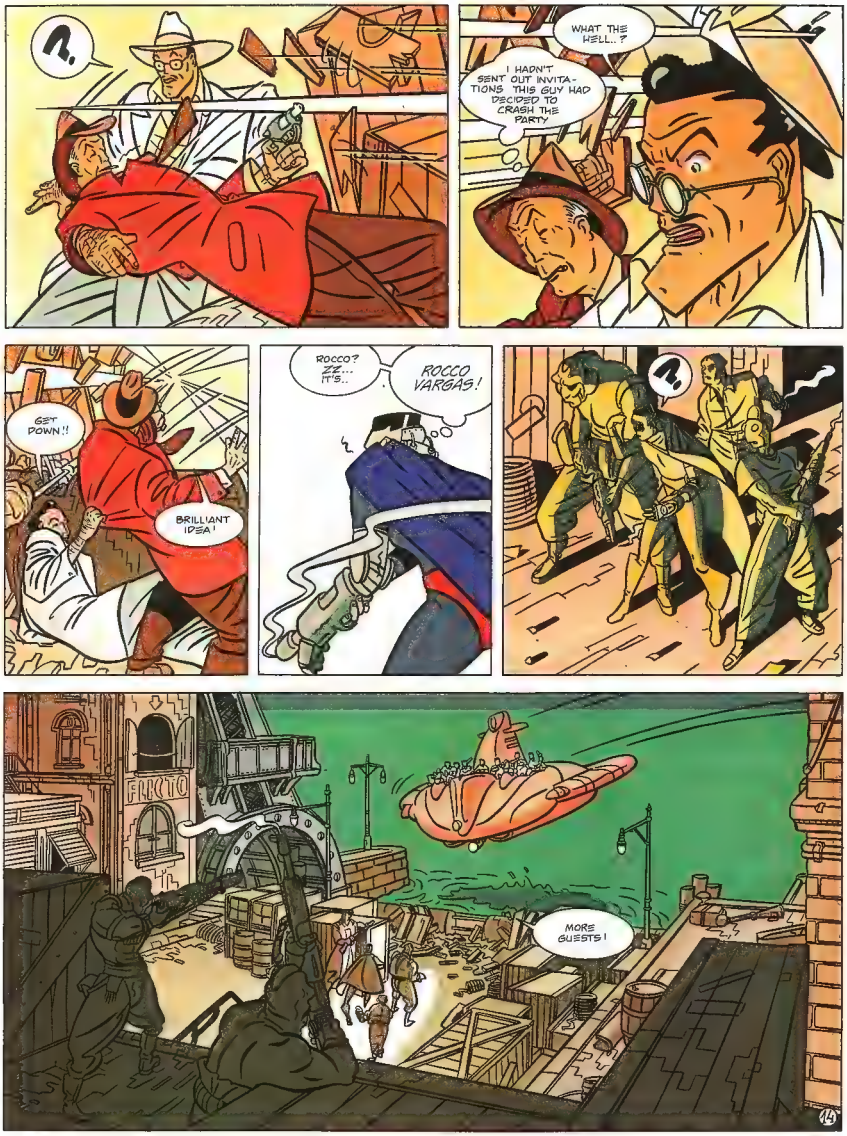
I FOLLOWED MY INSTRUCTIONS
THE MANAGER?
IT'S ME

AND I LET HIM HAVE IT!
"I KNOW ABOUT YOUR DEAL WITH KOO'S GANG"
?!

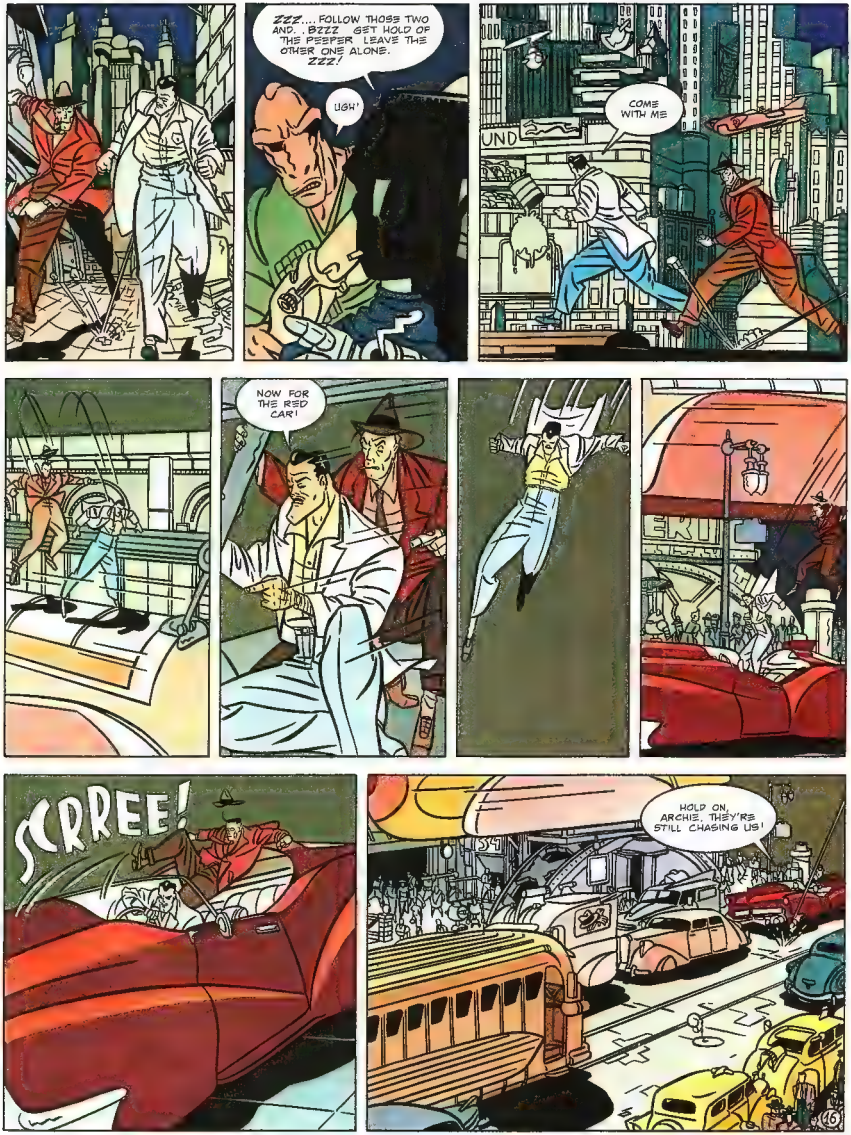
DID I SHOCK YOU?
I DIDN'T LIKE THE WAY HE LOOKED AT ME

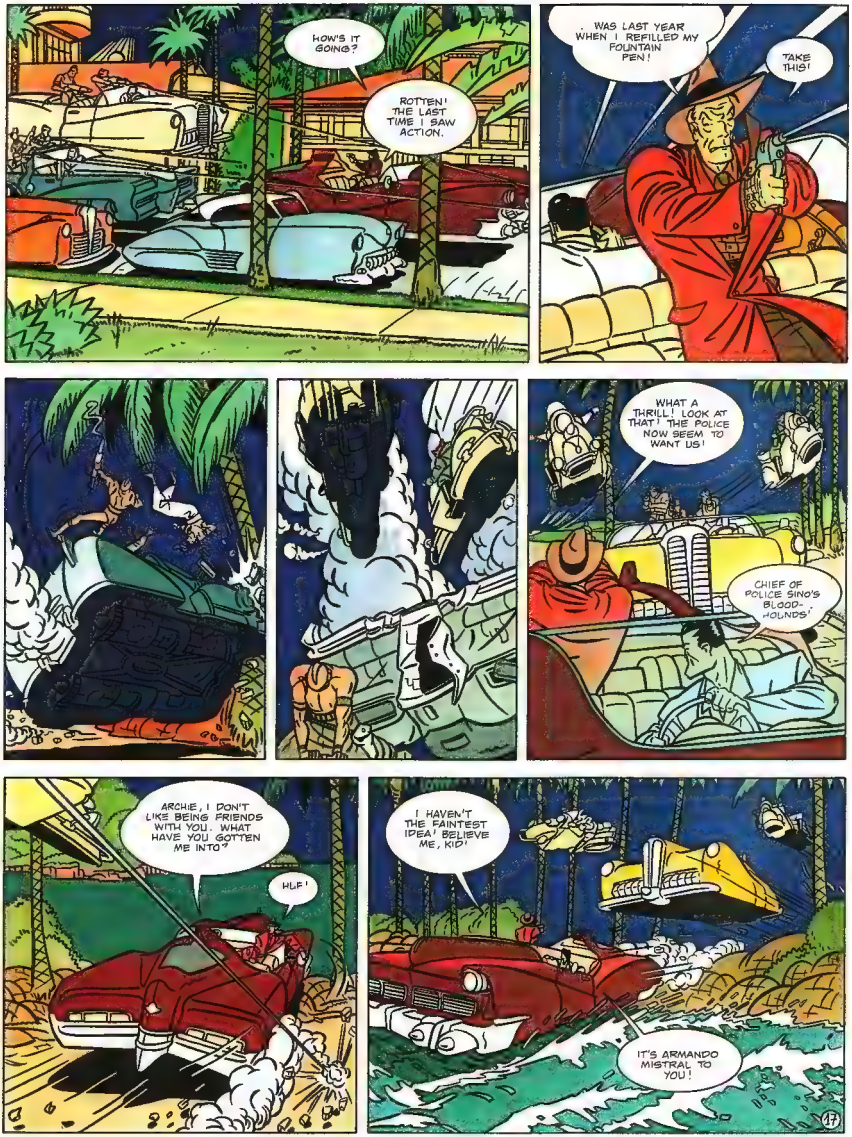
SOMETHING TOLD ME THAT I WASN'T GOING TO LEAVE THERE WITHOUT SOME TROUBLE
JUST A MOMENT

..BZZZ!!.. THAT'S IMPOSSIBLE! HE CAN'T KNOW ABOUT KOO... ZZZ!
THAT'S HIM, THE GUY IN THE HAT
WHAT DO YOU WANT TO DO?
BZZZ!
ZZZ!!.. TAKES HIM TO THE PIER. ZZZ
WE'LL OFFER HIM A BATH. BZZ!
ACU
THE GUY CAME BACK AND TOOK ME TO THEIR DRAWING ROOM. HE KEPT SMILING, SO I UNDID MY PISTOL'S SAFETY CATCH.
A WHILE LATER WE WERE JOINED BY THE REST OF THE GROUP.
ZZ! QUIET! HE'S MINE.
BZZ!!
HE UNCOVERED HIS ARTILLERY. A REAL MASTERPIECE!
I REACHED FOR MY OLD FULLER COULD ALWAYS TRY TO MAKE THEM DIE OF LAUGHTER


?
WHAT THE HELL...?
I HADN'T SENT OUT INVITATIONS THIS GUY HAD DECIDED TO CRASH THE PARTY
GET DOWN!!
BRILLIANT IDEA!
ROCCO?
ZZ...
IT'S.
ROCCO VARGAS!
?
FARCTIO
MORE GUESTS!
49

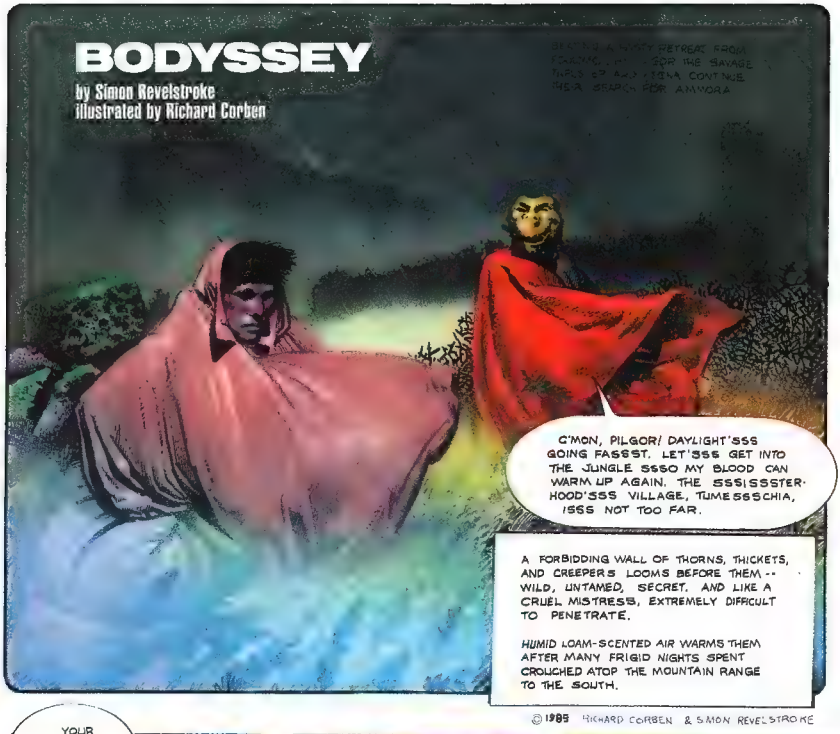
DEATH TO THE TRAITOR!
WE'RE DEFINITELY THE HAM IN THIS SANDWICH!
OKAY. LET'S NOT FORGET OUR GOOD MANNERS. MY NAME IS ARCHIE COOPER, PRIVATE DICK
IT'S NOT MY FAULT!
BZZ . THOSE ARE THE RAMITAS.. CALL OUR GUYS. BZZ., TELL THE REANOS TO ATTACK FROM THE SEA . BZZZ.. AND MAKE SURE YOU WARN THE CHIEF OF POLICE
O.K.!
HEY! TOURIST! LEAVE YOUR HAT ALONE AND AIM AT THE PARTY!
I DON'T HAVE A PISTOL AND WHAT'S MORE, I'M LEAVING!
DON'T LEAVE BY YOURSELF, YOU COULD GET LOST!
45


ZZZ... FOLLOW THOSE TWO AND...BZZZ... GET HOLD OF THE PEEPER. LEAVE THE OTHER ONE ALONE. ZZZ!
UGH!
COME WITH ME
NOW FOR THE RED CAR!
SCREEE!
HOLD ON, ARCHIE. THEY'RE STILL CHASING US!


HOW'S IT GOING?
ROTTEN! THE LAST TIME I SAW ACTION.
. WAS LAST YEAR WHEN I REFILLED MY FOUNTAIN PEN!
TAKE THIS!
WHAT A THRILL! LOOK AT THAT! THE POLICE NOW SEEM TO WANT US!
CHIEF OF POLICE SINO'S BLOOD-HOUNDS!
ARCHIE, I DON'T LIKE BEING FRIENDS WITH YOU. WHAT HAVE YOU GOTTEN ME INTO?
HUH!
I HAVEN'T THE FAINTEST IDEA! BELIEVE ME, KID!
IT'S ARMANDO MISTRAL TO YOU!

BODYSSEY

by Simon Revelstroke
illustrated by Richard Corben


C'MON, PILGOR! DAYLIGHT'SSS GOING FASSST. LET'SSS GET INTO THE JUNGLE SSSO MY BLOOD CAN WARM UP AGAIN. THE SSSISSSTERHOOD'SSS VILLAGE, TUMESSSCHIA, ISSS NOT TOO FAR.
A FORBIDDING WALL OF THORNS, THICKETS, AND CREEPERS LOOMS BEFORE THEM -- WILD, UNTAMED, SECRET. AND LIKE A CRUEL MISTRESS, EXTREMELY DIFFICULT TO PENETRATE.
HUMID LOAM-SCENTED AIR WARMS THEM AFTER MANY FRIGID NIGHTS SPENT CROUCHED ATOP THE MOUNTAIN RANGE TO THE SOUTH.

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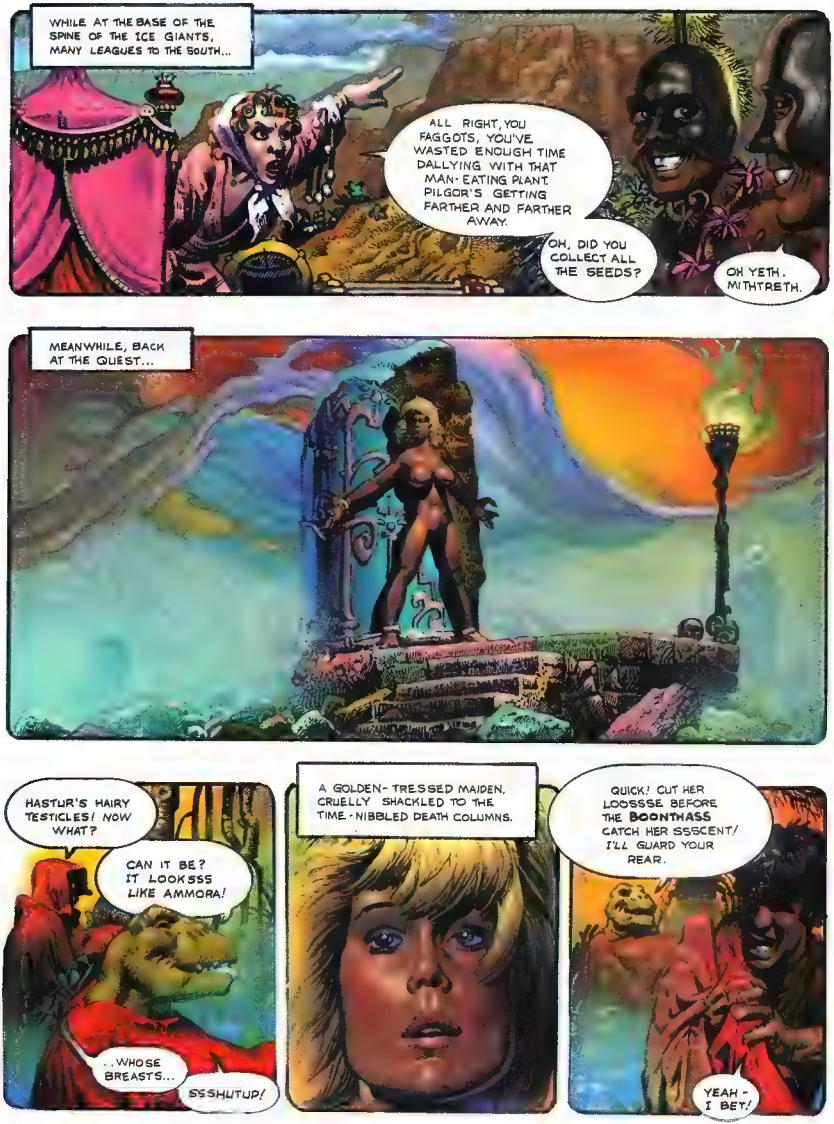
YOUR QUEST IS BREAKING MY BACK!
SSSO SSELFISH -- JUSST LIKE ALL OTHER WARMSSKINSSSS. I SSSHOULD NEVER HAVE SSAVED YOU...
OH, ALL RIGHT! I'LL CARRY YOUR SSSWORD.
NOT MY SWORD, YOU WON'T! (GRUMBLE... GRAUSE)


WHILE AT THE BASE OF THE SPINE OF THE ICE GIANTS, MANY LEAGUES TO THE SOUTH...
ALL RIGHT, YOU FAGGOTS, YOU'VE WASTED ENOUGH TIME DALLYING WITH THAT MAN-EATING PLANT. PILGOR'S GETTING FARTHER AND FARTHER AWAY.
OH, DID YOU COLLECT ALL THE SEEDS?
OH YETH. MITHTRETH.
MEANWHILE, BACK AT THE QUEST...
HASTUR'S HAIRY TESTICLES! NOW WHAT?
CAN IT BE? IT LOOKSSS LIKE AMMORA!
..WHOSE BREASTS...
SSSHUTUP!
A GOLDEN-TRESSED MAIDEN, CRUELLY SHACKLED TO THE TIME-NIBBLED DEATH COLUMNS.
QUICK! CUT HER LOOSSSE BEFORE THE BOONTHASS CATCH HER SSSCENT! I'LL GUARD YOUR REAR.
YEAH - I BET!

UMM, EXCUSE ME, LASS ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?
DO I LOOK LIKE I'M ALL RIGHT? DO I LOOK LIKE I'M ENJOYING MYSELF? OF COURSE, I'M NOT ALL RIGHT, LUNK-HEAD! HELP!! HELP!!
THE DREADED EMERALD LIONS OF THE MAGIC PLANET!
YIPE!
FEAR NOT! NOTHING CAN STOP ME NOW!
GGRRRRRRRR
I HOPE! SWORD ARM, GET GOING!
GRAUGH!
GHOR!
ROOAR
GROWL
ZZAK!
URG?

PYRAP
BLUMP
OOF!
SORRY!
CHUK
RAHUK
GRAHUGH
AAAWGH
THERE, MY GOLDEN GODDESS -- YOU ARE FREE.

A FORGOTTEN FACE FROM THE PAST PRICKS PILGOR'S MEMORY...
SME- SMEGMELLA?
PIG!
KRAK!
SSSORRY, PILGOR - I FORGOT TO TELL YOU: THE SSSISSTERHOOD DOESN'T LIKE MEN...
ON THE OTHERHAND, I AM HAPPY TO REPORT THEY SSSURE DO LIKE USS'S SSSCALY FOLK!
NO! THE SSSISSTERHOOD LOOK IDENTICAL, HAVING COME FROM ONE MOTHER. BUT THERE ARE DIFFERENCESSS. AMMORA HAS A BIRTHMARK SSSHAPED LIKE A WIZARD'SS'S PHALLUSSS UNDER HER LEFT BREASSST. SSEE! THISSS ISS NOT AMMORA!
WELL, AT LEAST NOW THIS DAMNED QUEST IS OVER - YOU'VE GOT YOUR WOMAN BACK. NOW.
WELL, HELL, YTGNA!
DON'T WORRY, I HAVE A PLAN
OH NO! I'M NOT GOING IN THERE TO PEER UNDER EVERY BOOB IN THE VILLAGE!

AS THEY APPROACH TUMESCHIA, THE GIRL AUREOLE, BLADE MATE OF QUEEN NIPPLA THE PERT, EXPLAINS HOW SHE CAME TO BE STAKED OUT...
THE GREEN MONOLITH BITCHES CAUGHT ME AND ACCUSED ME OF WIFE-STEALING! IT WAS JUST A LITTLE DALLIANCE, YOU KNOW- JUST LIKE SHAKING GLANDS.
GOLDEN-HAIRED, SILKEN-THIGHED AMAZONS STAND BOLDLY BEFORE THEM, UN SMILING, UNWELCOMING-- WHILE THE VICTIMS OF THIS MATRIARCHAL TYRANNY CRINGE AND CLING TO THE SHADOWS.
SSSEEE HOW THE MALESSS HERE ARE LESSSS THAN THE WILD DOGSSS OF THE FORESSSST.
THEY'RE SO THIN AND PITIFUL. LOOK AT THOSE BRUISES!
YESSS - THESSSE AMAZONSS LIKE IT ROUGH SSSOMETIMESSS! THEY SSTEAL MEN - USSSE THEM AND THEN TOSSSS THEM AWAY LIKE EMPTIED WINESKINSSS.
BUT AMMORA ISSS DIFFERENT...
MY SWORD IS READY!
NO. AUREOLE'SSS ROYAL BLOOD. THEY WON'T HURT HER, AND SSSHE LIKESS ME
FINE! WHAT ABOUT ME?
SEIZE THEM! BIND THEIR BALLS!

JABBER
JABBER
JABBER
JIB JAM
JABBER
JAM
WHAT'RE THEY SAYING? IT SOUNDS LIKE GIBBERISH.
NO, IT'SSS JABBERISSSH- AN OBSSCURE AMAZON TONGUE. HMM - IT SSEEMSSS THEY'RE MORE INTERESSSTED IN YOU, OR RATHER...
...IN A SSSERTAIN PORTION OF YOUR ANATOMY.
RIP
YUM!
WHEW!
HUBBA HUBBA!
IT SSSEEMSSS AUREOLE WANTSSS TO GIVE YOU TO HER ROYAL SSSISSTER - BUT THE HIGH PRIESSSTESSS WANTSSS TO USSSE YOU FOR SSSOME OTHER PURPOSSSE.
OOOOOOEEEE!!
HOW DEGRADING. I FEEL LIKE AN OBJECT.
HEY MA!
YOU COME WITH ME!
LUCKY YOU, PILGOR! CHEER UP! AUREOLE'SSS GOT IT ALL FIXED!
THE WEAVER BE THANKED! SHE'S CHANGED HER MIND ABOUT ME. BUT WHAT DO THEY WANT?

LISTEN, AUREOLE, I REALLY APPRECIATE THIS. I THINK THE PRIESTESS HAD SOMETHING NASTY IN MIND FOR ME-
SILENCE! YOU TREAD ENCHANTED GROUND NOW.
KNEEL!
WHAT? OH, I GET IT- SOME KIND OF OBEDIENCE TEST? OKAY. WAIT A MOMENT. WHAT'S THIS? BLOOD!
STRETCH HIS FLESHY MEMBER UPON THE BLOCK, SISTERS!
NO! NO! WAIT! PLEASE, NOT THAT!
WAIT! ANYTHING! I'LL DO ANYTHING!
NOOOOOO!!
AND SO... NEXT- THUD?

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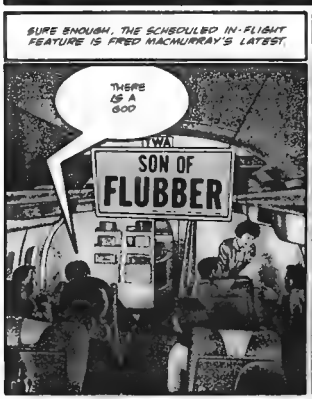
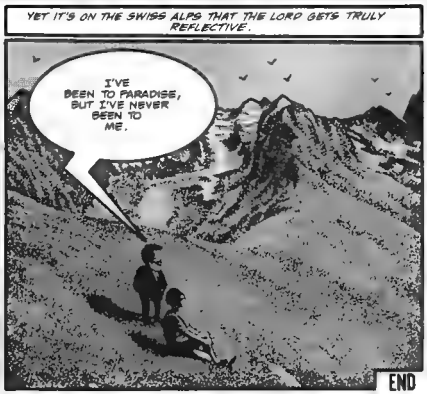


WHEN IN GREECE, HE GETS CAUGHT UP IN THE PICTURESQUE BEAUTY OF POSEIDON'S TEMPLE ATOP CAPE SUNION
I'LL HAVE A CHEESEBURGER, SIDE O' FRIES, AN' COKE



END

dossier

Edited by Steven Maloff

Library

● Volume three of ***The Edgar Rice Burroughs Library of Illustration*** (1984), delayed for years while publisher Russ Cochran attempted—and failed—to clear rights on "later Ace and Doubleday Frazettas," is, nevertheless, a bountiful treasury of ERB comics, drawings, and paintings, in quality repro snot from the original art, by Frank Frazetta (fourteen Ace paperback covers), Roy G Krenkel (eleven Ace covers), Ed Emshwiller, Frank Schoonover, Reed Crandall, Morris Golub, Mahlon Blaine, J Allen St. John, Jesse Marsh, and "Tarzan" comic strip artists Burne Hogarth, Russ Manning, and Rex Maxon. Informative 1978 interviews with Krenkel and Frazetta include this gem from RGK, defining the difference between a picture and an illustration: "This is the sort of thing that drove me out of illustration ... 'Seven gorillas, dressed in tuxedos, burst through the door, machine guns blazing. In the corner, the princess crouched, trembling, clutching the Amulet of Thoth to her bosom.' The illustrator must: Show Amulet of Thoth. Show girl cringing. Show bosom. Show all seven gorillas as they burst through the door. Show that they are wearing tuxedos and that their machine guns are blazing! Well, screw that! I mean, there are guys who can do this. I ain't one of them fellows. Good luck. But a *picture* is an entirely different thing. You sit down with an idea for a figure action. If it works and you're lucky, you draw this great figure and put a sword in his hand. You see the background as a mist-shrouded land going off in the gloomy distance with a single light glowing in some evil castle. An invisible moon is casting dim light in the foreground. Well, I can *do* that. But who the hell can do the seven gorillas with machine guns blazing? To hell with the Amulet of Thoth! Get the distraction?" You get both pictures *and* illustrations in the *ERB Library*.

In addition to the paintings, both RGK and Frazetta are represented by pages of black-and-white interiors, but considering the forthful halftone negative work in the *ERB Library*, it seems a shame that Cochran has ignored Frazetta's more dynamic ERB interiors —the ones that were poorly reproduced in the 1981 *Frank Frazetta, the Living Legend*. Faulty research surfaces in occasionally misspelled names; Crandall illustrations, labeled "never-before-published," include two that were printed in 1964 in *Castle of Frankenstein* #5. Despite the $300 price tag for the full three-volume set (from Russ Cochran, Box 469, West Plains, MO 65775), these books have been eagerly snatched up by ERB connaisseurs who appreciate the vine stuff in life.

—Bhob

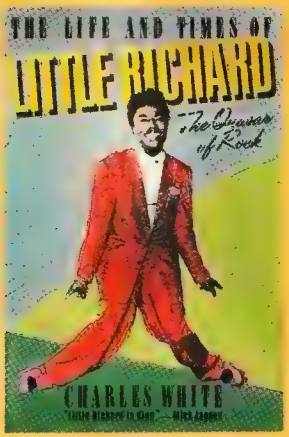
LOVE AND ROCKETS

Zine

● ***Castle Rock, The Stephen King Newsletter*** (twelve dollars a year to Stephanie Leonard, Box 8183, Bangor, ME 04401), which takes its name from King's mythical Maine town *(The Dead Zone, Cujo)*, serves as a passport for loyal subjects of the Kingdom with classifieds, addresses for limited editions, news items (interviews, film/radio/TV adaptations, books about SK, press mentions), cartoons, and puzzles. Fortunately, editor Leonard has more in mind than King trivial pursuit; #2 began the serialization of SK's "Daan's Cadillac," and Teresa Bagnato told how she spent her vacation at the Stanley Hotel (model for *The Shining*'s Overlook). Readers have complained about *Castle Rock*'s gothic typeface, but it's distinctive and appropriate. Wonder how many people read both the *Philip K. Dick Society Newsletter* and *Castle Rock*?

—Bhob

Rock



● Little Richard **once had a sexual interlude with Buddy Holly and Richard's girlfriend, Angel, moments before Holly was due to perform onstage. That's the sort of bonbon that makes Charles White's** *The Life and Times of Little Richard: The Quasar of Rock* **(Harmony) worth sticking with, even though its patchwork structure—interviews with Richard and his friends and lovers interspersed with bits of narration by White—make this more of a scrapbook than a fully formed biography. Richard Penniman's early days as rock's first out-and-out lunatic are more interesting than his later life as preacher and comeback-rocker, but he was a genuine original whose impact on music is still being felt. Learning from White's book that he was also a voyeur and a compulsive masturbator doesn't add luster to the legend, but neither does it diminish it.**

—Mike Barson

ALL B&W AND WHITE ART: N DOSSIER HANDCOLORED BY HAZARD

Dueling ZOMBIES

Celluloid Grave Robbing with *Dead* Boys Dan O'Bannon and George Romero

O'Bannon's *Return*

In 1983, **Dan O'Bannon** told *HM*, "I sit with my hands crossed, twiddling my thumbs, waiting until I can get behind the camera." At thirty-seven, O'Bannon has finally gotten his chance—he makes his directorial debut with *Return of the Living Dead*, which he also wrote. After co-writing (with John Carpenter) and editing *Dark Star*, O'Bannon went on to co-write Ridley Scott's *Alien* and John Badham's *Blue Thunder* before acquiring the final chapter in the life and times of our favorite zombies. The film is no relation to Romero's zombiefest, *Day of the Dead*, but that is another story. In any event, O'Bannon seemed as eager to direct a film as he was to talk about the experience.

—Steven Maloff

Heavy Metal: How did you come to direct *Return of the Living Dead*?

Dan O'Bannon: Well, I've been trying for years to get something to direct, but luck hasn't been with me. And when the opportunity popped up to direct this, I just grabbed it, you know? Almost didn't matter what it was. It has a kind of byzantine history. A producer named Tom Fox acquired the rights to the *Living Dead* title from John Russo, who had written *Night of the Living Dead* for [George] Romero. It was then taken to Tobe Hooper to direct, and Tobe asked me to script it. I scripted it to his specifications, and then Tobe left the project to direct *Life Force* [the film adaptation of Colin Wilson's *Space Vampires*]. While I was scripting *Life Force* for him with Don Jakoby, the producers offered *Living Dead* to me. So I had a little debate with my conscience—artistic and otherwise—and ground it into the dirt and said, "You're darn right. I better direct this thing quick." All I've ever wanted to be is a director and I hadn't been having any breaks in that direction. I accepted and thus we commenced.

HM: So you'd been trying to direct for some time. Any specific projects?

DO'B: I had meant to direct *Alien*. That was just laughed off like a fart in a windstorm. It was a major studio. They were going to put big bucks in it. It's like some guy walks into a gas station and says, "I'm here to direct *Star Wars Part IV*." So that went out the window. Then I was ill for a while. I was ill when I wrote *Blue Thunder*, so I couldn't direct that. Then I made a deal with MGM to write and direct *Sorcerer's Apprentice* with Don Jakoby. We wrote it, and then MGM kind of took a big wave across the bow, as they seem to at intervals. So nothing was made there. When I was well again I started getting really antsy. Then the Writers Guild struck and for about a year and a half the industry didn't work. You see what I mean?

HM: Projects slipping through your fingers . . .

DO'B: One thing after another. Finally, the Writers Guild strike ended, and I was ready to direct. Everything in my life that had not been in order finally was. I had determined that the way to direct is to direct the first thing that comes along and to be perhaps more selective later. I had been observing the careers of other young directors who began with films I would not have considered auspicious who quickly went on to become major directors. So it's modest and it won't hurt at all.

HM: Is it directing from here on in for you?

DO'B: Absolutely. That doesn't rule out writing, but that certainly is secondary to me. As a matter of fact, I am writing stuff for other directors right now.

(**DO'B** cont'd on page 48)

Romero's *Day*

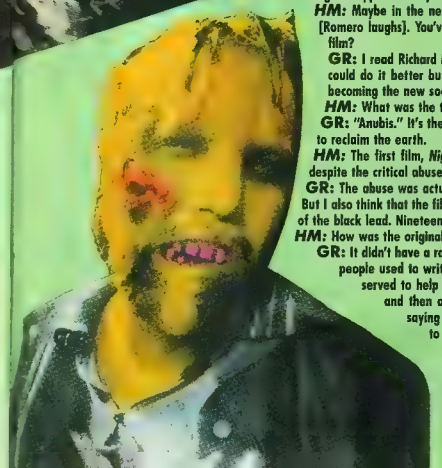
As filmmaker **George Romero** points out, zombies have always been relegated to the lowest class in the hierarchy of mythological monsters, from their early incarnations in films like Victor Halperin's ***White Zombie*** (1932), in which the undead were nothing more than the instruments of Bela Lugosi's evil will, and Jacques Tourneur's ***I Walked with a Zombie*** (1943), to their more contemporary appearances in any number of ***Night of the Living Dead*** rip-offs, in which the zombies serve as little more than target practice. But what Romero, who spawned the modern zombie film cycle with his 1968 classic, ***Night of the Living Dead***, perhaps does not know is that on one level the zombie myth has always been political, that the original zombies were black slaves who could not escape slavery, even after death.

But a funny thing happened to zombies in the hands of Pittsburgh-based filmmaker Romero: they started moving up the social ladder, and their numbers multiplied. No longer the dull-witted, shambling brutes of Z-grade fare like ***The Zombies of Mora Tau*** (1957), Romero's zombies were ordinary, middle-class, and ***white***. In fact, Romero turned the stereotype on its ear when he made his hero in ***Night of the Living Dead*** a black man who thirty years earlier would have been cast as just another cane-harvesting "undead."

In his sequel ***Dawn of the Dead*** (1979), an unrated, low-budget film that has earned $55 million, the Bronx-born Romero went yet one step further. His zombies became upwardly mobile American consumers jamming suburban shopping malls, while his heroes remained mavericks. Romero's political message is clear: the American middle class has become zombie-fied, a fact that should be apparent to anyone who's watched television lately, and his cautionary note is that we're all just one bite away from being zombies ourselves.

I caught up with "zombie-buster" George Romero in Wampum, Pennsylvania, on the set of his third installment in the ***Dead*** trilogy, which was being shot inside a 125-acre limestone mine. Titled ***Day of the Dead*** and featuring a "good" zombie in one of the leads, this may just be Romero's last word on the subject.

—James Verniere



Heavy Metal: So the love affair with zombies continues.

George Romero: [laughs] Yeah. I do love 'em.

HM: You've been working with zombies for years now.

GR: And I get more sympathetic to them each time.

HM: Are *they* becoming more sympathetic?

GR: Not really. We're just getting to know them better. It happened in the ***Frankenstein*** series. It happened with Kong. It happens to any monster that sticks around long enough.

HM: Maybe in the next film you could have a human/zombie love affair, a whole new kind of love bite [Romero laughs]. You've answered this a million times, but what was the original inspiration for the first film?

GR: I read Richard Matheson's ***I Am Legend***, and I wrote a little short story myself, not really thinking I could do it better but because I wanted to write a story about one society swallowing up another and becoming the new society.

HM: What was the title of the story?

GR: "Anubis." It's the name of the Egyptian god of the dead who's supposed to lead the dead on a march to reclaim the earth.

HM: The first film, ***Night of the Living Dead***, was a tremendous underground and later above-ground hit, despite the critical abuse heaped upon it.

GR: The abuse was actually partially responsible for its success. Well, it was also *great*, of course [laughs]. But I also think that the film went one step over the line in terms of graphic scenes. I also think it was because of the black lead. Nineteen sixty-eight was a pretty active and angry time in politics and race relations.

HM: How was the original film rated?

GR: It didn't have a rating; there was no system then. In fact, ***Night of the Living Dead*** was one of the films people used to write about when they said, "We need a rating system." Ultimately, that kind of thing served to help the film. People started to notice it. There was a piece about it in ***Sight and Sound*** and then another by Rex Reed and then another by Roger Ebert, who did a scathing article saying that children should not be exposed to this. After all that attention, everyone wanted to see it.

HM: You've chosen subsequently to remain outside the rating system that you were in part responsible for.

GR: Well, yes. I'm happy this way. Certainly, I wouldn't be able to if I didn't have finance people backing my work who allowed me to do it. Being on the outside of

(**GR** cont'd on page 48)

(DO'B cont'd from 46)

HM: What are you writing?

DO'B: I'm writing a sci-fi project for ABC Theatrical Motion Pictures, tentatively entitled *Aggressor*, which . . . I better not tell the plot. I'm writing again with Don Jakoby.

HM: I heard you're doing something called *Screamers*. Or is that just hearsay?

DO'B: No, no. I wrote a screenplay for a Phil Dick story called *Second Variety*. It was one of his better stories, although one of his grimmer ones. But it's very nicely plotted, with the very best of Dick's twists and reality shifts and things. That was written a couple of years back on consignment for a company, and the way things developed, they folded and the script devolved into my possession. And then I sold it to the people who did *Martian Chronicles* for TV. They've had it for a while. It's a good, good story. It's just depressing, that's all.

HM: Getting back to becoming a director, why was it such an ambition of yours?

DO'B: Because that's the way my talents and interests go. Always has been, my entire life. I didn't start out as a writer. As a teenager, I acted. Then I majored in art, and subsequent to that I switched over to the cinema department. I'd grown up watching movies, and it just seemed that that was what I wanted to do and had the talent for. When I hit this town, you know, I didn't find it very easy breaking in. So I chose screenwriting as a way to get started.

HM: Many first-time directors come to their films exploding with years' worth of ideas, but unprepared in other ways. What was it like for you?

DO'B: I didn't arrive at all unprepared. I've been in this town for fifteen years, and every year that I've not been able to direct I've spent studying and preparing for the problem of directing. Thinking of it from up, down, sideways. Thinking of every problem involved. The working with actors, preparing the script, preproduction. I worked in production capacities on everything from *Dark Star* through *Alien*. I've edited, I've done production design. I've done special effects. If anything, I was overprepared. And what was it like? It was probably the most exciting thing I've ever done. It was also very grueling, very difficult. Often painful. We had an extremely short shooting schedule, which meant I couldn't get all the camera angles I wanted. Things like that. The pressures were tremendous. And whatever the budget was, it was too low. It was painful not having enough time to think. As the first camera operator said to me, "I just hate it when we're shooting the schedule and not the movie."

HM: What kinds of ideas were you able to convey as a director that you haven't been able to express through your screenplays?

DO'B: First of all, I was able to actually use the words I wrote. As an experiment, I was probably more rigid than I'll be in any future films in actually filming what I wrote. Every script I've written over the years, I've taken such great care constructing it to play on the screen. And they'd always been pretty casual with it. So I had never seen a script of mine filmed as written. That made for some trouble, too, because, schedule-wise, I probably should have dropped some scenes. In terms of other things I was able to convey? Well, I could actually get down there with the actors for once and work with having them convey the meaning of the lines.

HM: Certainly the visualization must be the biggest draw to directing film.

DO'B: For some. For the current crop of purely camera-eyed directors, sure. I like to tell a story. There's a huge category of directors right now who really don't understand those things and are rather uncomfortable with them—but they really go to town with the photographic image. I know from personal experience that, in fact, it's the least important thing to the audience. The most important to them are the characters, the story. I knew that if I punched out some photographic masterpiece in which the story and performances were inadequate, it would get me points with certain departments.

HM: What's your reaction to Romero's movie, *Day of the Dead*?

DO'B: He's made his own. He has a right to. I haven't seen it. Haven't read his script. He read my script long before he started shooting. I tried to guess what he might try to make, based on his other films. He, having seen my script, had the opportunity to make sure we didn't cross over, but I have no idea. The only thing I saw was his makeup man on the *Letterman* show the other night showing off those amazing dummies. But it still doesn't tell me what it's about, except that he is considerably more interested than I am in the biological details of the matter. I think that my film will be easier for the average audience to sit through than Romero's. Mine's a comedy.

HM: Straight comedy? Social satire?

DO'B: O'Bannon comedy. I hope that the viewing public gets a boot out of it. And I hope Romero does too. I certainly look forward to his film. I tried to stay as far as possible off his toes. What it is, to the extent that it is based on Romero's, is an homage to him. I'm not trying to wash his shoes.

HM: When you say homage, do you mean out of respect or just filled with references?

DO'B: Uh, respect rather than specific references. Kind of a tongue-in-cheek nod to him. Without any attempt to be as potent as he is in his own specialty. There's just no point. I mean, he can do it better. ■

(GR cont'd from page 47)

the system gives me more freedom.

HM: **How much did the original cost?**

GR: About seventy thousand in cash. By the time we paid it off and all the people who had worked for free it cost about $114,000. *Dawn of the Dead* cost $1.5 million.

HM: **And *Day of the Dead*? How much will it cost, and will it be the last?**

GR: About $3.5 million. And it might be the last one, although the story doesn't end there. I had the script finished a couple of years ago, knowing at the time that I had a contractual obligation to make the movie by 1985. The original script would have demanded about a $7 million film, but we were told by the people backing it that if we wanted $7 million we would have to guarantee an R rating. Or make it for $3.5. So I opted for the latter.

HM: **You wrote the script for *Dawn of the Dead*. But you had a collaborator on the first film. Is that the reason there is a *Return of the Living Dead* film that's been made by Dan O'Bannon?**

GR: Yeah, Jack Russo and I wrote the original screenplay and actually had joint rights to the property. Jack also did the novelization of *Night of the Living Dead*.

HM: **So how did the right to make a *Living Dead* film end up with O'Bannon?**

GR: A complete third-party deal. Jack and I gave each other rights to do sequels. At the time we felt it was the most democratic thing to do. I think what happened was that the publisher of Jack's novelization asked him to do a novel called *Return of the Living Dead*. That novel was then bought by someone. I mean I'm not the horse's mouth on this, but as I understand it there was a third-party purchase of the property, and that's how O'Bannon got into it.

HM: **Do you know anything more about O'Bannon's film?**

GR: I've actually seen it and would rather not comment.

HM: **You may be the zombies' best friend, but you've made other films, like *Knightriders*, *Martin*, and *Creepshow*. How do you feel about the fact that the *Living Dead* films are the most popular?**

GR: I don't know. They're the most popular in a certain sense. But actually *Creepshow* made more money in the United States.

HM: **Still, is there ever a time when you say to yourself, "I wish I could**

(GR cont'd on page 50)

COMICS

● *Love and Rockets* **#10 is "a special celebratory issue" with added pages and an unusual "sketchbook insert" that indicates how** Gilbert and Jaime Hernandez **generate their ceaseless flow of *L&R* story ideas. Numerous people who work in comics call this "the best comic of the year," but how do you review work that even the editor (Gary Groth, best editor of the year) calls "an uncategorizable genre all their own"? Issues #1 through #8 are sold out, but get a six-issue sub by sending $7.95 to Fantagraphics (707 Camino Manzanas, Thousand Oaks, CA 91360). And look in your local comics shop for *L&R* characters in this summer's full-color three-issue mini-series, *Mechanics*, reprinting from #2 and #3 plus a new Penny Century serial. Names in the letters column suggest that the Hernandez brothers' diversity of remarkable female characters has given *L&R* an ever increasing female readership.**

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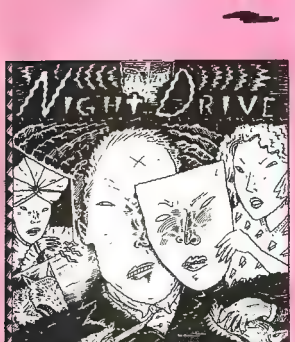


● ***Night Drive,*** subtitled "Pictures for Reckless Brains," offers a Borges quote ("The solution to the mystery is always inferior to the mystery itself") fronting short tales by Richard Sala, who has freelanced as an illustrator in the Southwest and the Bay Area for the past five years. "It was my aim," says Sala, "to produce a different kind of book, an offbeat mood-piece involving our darker inner drives." Send five dollars to Sala (3130 College Ave., Berkeley, CA 94705), and you'll get twenty-eight pages of fear, rage, and guilt—mysterious "depictions of the shadow-side of the human condition," all drawn in Sala's nervous line and printed on paranoid paper.

—Bhob

BIO

● One of the nicest things to have happened in the last few years is the resurgence of a number of comics once labeled silly, stupid, moronic, and, worse yet, talentless. Abbott and Costello have risen in popularity, as have some of the early silent comics, Jerry Lewis, and even Harry Truman. But probably none have risen so quickly—and really out of nowhere—as the **Three Stooges.** Their brand of insane comedy has hit its mark in these slapstick days. ***Larry: The Stooge in the Middle*** is about Larry Fine, the unheralded Stooge, written by a very proud brother, Morris "Moe" Feinberg. In a nutshell, it's a nice book by a nice man about a nice guy, a guy you always liked in the movies and a guy you will really like after this book. The book takes us from the early, tough days in vaudeville to the formation of the Three Stooges (or the Three Lost Souls, as they were originally called). Along the way we meet Moe, Curly, Shemp, Joe Besser, and Curly-Joe.

You really have to love the Stooges to enjoy this book. It doesn't tell you much about the business, and there are no juicy stories to keep you glued. It's more of a pat on the back to an overlooked comic than an in-depth, smut-filled bio. Larry Fine doesn't shoot up, nor does he get into fights. He's a good guy and a great comic being given some long-overdue recognition.

—Andy Simmons

(GR cont'd from page 48)

lose these zombies"?

GR: Well, not really. I'm still having fun doing it. So I don't have any complaints about it. It's a hard question to respond to. Sure, I don't want to do it forever. But I haven't been doing it forever. Right now I have no plans to do another one. But maybe a couple of years from now I'll think about it again.

HM: What was your original motivation back in 1968? Did you want to make a quick score? Did you want to be a horror filmmaker? Or was it just a stepping stone to "serious" work?

GR: We had a commercial production company at the time, and we tried several times to raise money for a movie. I wanted to make a Bergmanesque medieval film. It was at the time of *David and Lisa*, the sort of growing independent film movement. You could make money with a small distributor. Anyway, we were not able to raise money for a "serious" film. So we decided to try to make a horror film, since backers seemed to prefer that genre.

HM: Were you always an aspiring filmmaker?

GR: Well, I was really self-taught in terms of the basic hardware. I first came to Pittsburgh to study painting and design at Carnegie-Mellon. But I always tried to make films, even as a kid, with my uncle's eight-millimeter. I always thought being a filmmaker was a kind of unattainable goal, something that was only possible in Tinseltown.

HM: What films do you recall seeing as a child?

GR: The only four that I remember the circumstances of were *The Beast from 20,000 Fathoms*, *The Thing*, *The Quiet Man*, and *Tales of Hoffman*. I have really vivid memories of those four films.

HM: That's three fantasy films and one John Ford. You were clearly a fantasist even then. What frightened you as a kid?

GR: *The Thing* scared the shit out of me. *Tales of Hoffman* scared me, too. It's become my all-time favorite film. The imagery in it is a gas.

HM: What do you think the appeal of horror and fantasy is?

GR: In general I think that these films put us in touch with ourselves. Anything that brings an involuntary response out of us automatically makes us look inward—a startle, a laugh, a tear, any of that. Any film that can do that is successful. I think that's one of the reasons people go to see horror films so regularly. They're hooked on that emotional charge.

HM: So the films put you in touch with your visceral self.

GR: Yeah, and it works in other genres. You can watch *It's a Wonderful Life* a dozen times and not tire of the emotional kick it gives you. In the case of my series I think these films are a little more irreverent. They buck the system; they go that extra step, both in terms of the gross-out and as allegories. Now, I don't really know how many people care about the allegorical nature of the films. But first of all I try to make the films a roller-coaster ride. That's the most important thing. Underneath that there's an allegorical element that appeals to some people as well.

HM: That allegorical element was much clearer in *Dawn of the Dead*, which was generally perceived as a satire of consumerism.

GR: Yeah, it was so clear that it was practically part of the surface. *Dawn* was a slapstick satire, really.

HM: *Creepshow*, the film you made with Stephen King, was a tribute to EC Comics. Were comics an influence on your visual style?

GR: Sure, I think the visual simplicity of my films must go back to that. But it isn't by design. Now, *Creepshow* was a conscious attempt to imitate EC. But I haven't done that in all my films. Sometimes it's hard to differentiate an influence and a fond memory.

HM: Your detractors argue that your zombie films pander to the lowest common denominator and appeal to the basest instincts. That in a sense you're exploiting a negative impulse—the beast, if you will—within all of us.

GR: That might be [laughs heartily]. I can't answer that.

HM: But you must *think* about it.

GR: I just know the kind of effect the films have on me, and on the people I work with. I will gleefully go see a film and get an absolutely innocent kick out of it. I mean, I *wanna* see that stuff. When I go to the movies with these guys [gesturing around him] we all go bananas, laughing and screaming. We just have a good time.

HM: But have you ever seen one of your *Living Dead* films at—say—a theater on Forty-second Street? Would you still feel the kick is innocent?

GR: I don't know. I wonder about that, too. What you're asking is: Is there a segment of society that is so frustrated that it responds to aggressive behavior in a negative way? I'm much more afraid of a *Dirty Harry* film in that context than I am of a fantasy film. I don't think we should forget that what we have here are monster movies.

HM: What frightens George Romero today?

GR: I'm still kind of worried about the Bomb. In terms of films, there aren't many today that frighten me. *Alien* was the last one that did.

HM: And it had the visceral terror.

GR: That's exactly what it was. It was nerve-racking in that way.

HM: Can you still pick up tips from someone else's work?

GR: Oh sure, half the ideas that seem fresh to you are probably things you've seen in someone else's films. When I was younger it was Welles's films—*A Touch of Evil*, *Macbeth*. Those films had a strong influence on my visual sense, especially when I was shooting *Night of the Living Dead*. I'm not a structuralist, so I can't take a Hitchcock film apart and try to re-create it. If I use anything it's more likely to be a camera angle or a lighting effect. I'll steal Polonski's mirror gag from *Repulsion* without compunction [laughs].

HM: Have you heard that Hollywood has announced that the horror cycle is over?

GR: Oh, sure. That's what Hollywood is about, man. They make a dozen bad horror films and then say the public doesn't want to see that type of film anymore. Obviously, the horror cycle hasn't ended since the first two people sat around a campfire and wondered what "that sound" was. It ain't never gonna be over. What Hollywood is talking about, I think, is that glut of slasher movies in which killers punish young people for having sex. The curious thing to me is that those films were popular to begin with. That was a real sociological phenomenon.

HM: Those films also encouraged the audience to identify with the killer rather than sympathize with his victims. Even the camera point of view was often the killer's.

GR: It is strange. I find all those films unappeating.

HM: Your zombie films have spawned dozens of rip-offs, most of them foreign-made. Have you seen any?

GR: Not too many. I'm very ambivalent about them. They have not had any real effect on me or my work. In a weird way I guess I've become so associated with zombies that my films are a sort of brand name.

HM: Would you ever go to Hollywood to take a crack at becoming a "mainstream" director?

GR: I have, several times. And several times the deal didn't come through, and on a couple of occasions we walked away. Warner Brothers asked me to do *Salem's Lot*, but it didn't work out. It was, however, the first time I met Stephen King. We hit it off and decided then to make some films together.

HM: Are you still planning a film adaptation of King's *The Stand*?

GR: Stephen's done four drafts of the script, and at some point we'll make it. But it's going to be big and expensive and at least three hours long. That's why we made *Creepshow* first.

HM: What about other contemporary directors. Whom do you like?

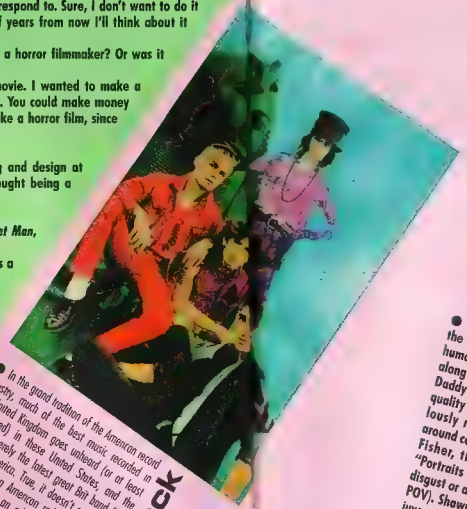
GR: I like David Cronenberg. He's both visceral and intellectual, which is a combination I obviously like. And I like John Carpenter.

HM: A few final questions now. If film is a personal statement, what do your films say about you?

GR: [laughs warily] Well, I guess in a strange way they're all optimistic films. They're all underdog films. I'm not a demanding or insistent person. I'm a listener, and I find in my life that it's hard to say what's right and what's wrong. I'm very slow and cautious to get involved politically or romantically. So what I try to do in my films is make the issues less than black-and-white. And my heroes are usually people who have no idea what to do next.

HM: Whose side are you on? Zombies or humans?

GR: Definitely the humans. I just don't have any particular grudge against the zombies. They are what they are, and they've taken a lot of shit. They're the working joes of society while Dracula is up in his castle. They're the lowest class of monster, and I guess I feel a little bit sorry for them. ■



Rock ZINE

● In the grand tradition of the American record industry, much of the best music recorded in the United Kingdom goes unheard (or at least unreleased) in those United States, and the *Cult* is merely the latest great Brit band "too wild" for America. True, it doesn't sound much like anything on American radio, but in 1989 U2 certainly was an oddity, and now it rules the waves.

The Cult is an outgrowth of a band originally called Southern Death Cult (later Death Cult) and all three of these outfits did extremely well on the British indie charts starting mid-'82. At this point the Cult is practically a mainstream act in England, tipped heavily to take Big Country's audience away from it, ruling high on a brilliant twelve-inches called "Resurrection Joe," which incorporates the best elements of chaos pedal guitar (supplied by ex-Theatre of Hate axeman Billy Duffy), an emotional vocal delivery (courtesy Ian Astbury), and the most relentless dance beat any post-punk unit has ever contrived. The lyrics are a bit on the pretentious side—lots of mystical references and psychedelic leanings—and occasionally when the singer mes too hard he sounds more like Fred Mercury than Johnny Rotten. Overall, however, the Cult is one of those special bands that should be able to rise above the herd and wake up some wussy-pacing A&R man from his Madonna-induced snooze like the proverbial hundred-watt Marshall stuck down deaf.

—Jon Tiven

Fiction

● Tony Hillerman's *The Ghostway* (Harper & Row), the sixth novel in the fine mystery series about Navajo tribal policeman Jim Chee, is not his best, mainly because the supernatural elements are downplayed this time around. (Though we still must confront—through Chee—the Navajo belief that a spirit interrupted during his journey to the underworld can become a meddlesome ghost.) Nevertheless, this is one of the best detective series around, with much about modern Navajo culture, the intricacies of police work in the vast American Southwest, and the nasty things people inevitably do to each other when there's something to be gained. Also check out *Dance Hall of the Dead*, *The Blessing Way*, and *Listening Woman*, currently in paperback (Avon).

—Michael Barson

ZINE

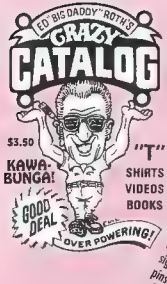
● Although **Mike Barrier's *Funnyworld*** started out in 1966 as a mimeographed newsletter, it eventually evolved into the best zine ever on animation. When *Funnyworld* faded, the animation buffs turned to ***Animania*** (3112 Holmes Ave. S., Minneapolis, MN 55408). Digest-sized with unmanned edges, *Animania* lacks *Funnyworld*'s slick design/production, but editors David Mruz/Ron Hall compensate with an entertaining, fact-packed coverage of both creators (Tezuka, Avery, Bakshi) and creations (Gumby, Scrappy, Crusader Rabbit, Astroboy). More than a dozen back issues (three dollars each) are available from Mruz, but if you want trimmed edges, you've got to find your own paper cutter.

—Bhob

ZINE

● ***Gyesore*** draws its inspiration from the warped visions and grotesque humor of cartoonist Basil Wolverton, along with a few dollops of Ed "Big Daddy" Roth homage. Printed on quality card stock, with a meticulously rendered monstroid wraparound cover by *HM* contributor Mark Fisher, these fourteen full-page "Portraits of Putrefying Persons" disgust or amuse (depending on your POV). Shawn McManus, currently rejuvenating DC's *Omega Men*, delineates a "Comic Book Artist" as bull-necked and brain-damaged. Other portraitists include Weirdo editor Peter Bagge, *Cramps* album illustrator Stephen Blickenstaff, and phantasmagoric mask maker Steve Fiorilla (of Death Studios fame). Send $2.50 to Fiorilla (1105 Lexington St., Bldg 10, #5, Waltham, MA 02154); and try not to eat before you open the envelope.

—Bhob



Catalog

● ***Ed "Big Daddy" Roth's Kawabunga Catalog*** ($3.50 to 14245 San Feliciano St., La Mirada, CA 90638) reveals that Southern California car-culture king Roth, immortalized by Tom Wolfe (in *The Kandy-Kolored Tangerine-Flake Streamline Baby*), is still going strong with his T-shirts, caps, books, and now sale/rental of videocassettes. Added to Roth's famed car/truck/monster/Rat Fink T-shirt line is a "Computer Hacker" design (with interchangeable names). The cassettes run the gamut from custom-car shows to dune-buggy races and trucking. ("I stood out on I-40 outside of Okla City and got all of the best trucks for two hours.") However, the best of the lot are Roth's tapes on sign painting, airbrushing T-shirts, and truck pinstriping. See *Weirdo* #11 for a spread of vehicular monsters by Roth Studios' Ed Newton, and then top it all off by reading the Big Daddy Roth interview in *Fantagor* #5 ($3.50 to Bill Spicer, 329 N. Avenue 66, Los Angeles, CA 90042). And if all this isn't enough, you can track down Roth's columns in sign-painting trade magazines: *Kawabunga!*

BEYOND THE VALLEY OF THE VIDEOS

BY JIM FARBER

Terror on Tape (1985), Continental Video.

Directed by Robert Worms III.

Like *Terror in the Aisles*, this tape is a barf-inducing, horror version of *That's Entertainment*. The only difference is, Terror on Tape is available on video only and is comprised exclusively of clips owned by Continental Video—meaning that Vampire Hookers and Suicide Cult are two of the more prestigious titles. (Actually, something called Deadly Spawn looks like the most fun, not to mention some H. G. Lewis clips.) Of course, like any horror compilation, the tape emphasizes bloodletting over real tension or eeriness. And while one would think this cheap approach would be appropriate to the material involved, this tape proves that most junk horror needs momentum and context just like the real thing.

Mandinga,* Wizard Video.

Directed by Mario Pinzauti.

Not to be confused with *Mandingo* (the blaxploitation howler from the seventies), *Mandinga* is—believe it or not—an even sleazier Italian item. Both flicks have the same basic setup—slaves catching shit down on the plantation. (Call *Mandinga* a spaghetti Southern.) But where the American movie tried to wiggle out of its slime-hole with some lead-footed social comment, *Mandinga* seems pretty comfortable with its role as a soft-core period S&M piece. Luckily, the slavemasters' sadism is exaggerated and petty enough to be camp fun, especially the "hump 'n' humiliate" games of the plantation owner's wife, given the highly unlikely Bronx-cheer moniker of Rhonda.

Once Upon a Time in the West (1969), Paramount.

Directed by Sergio Leone.

For a Few Dollars More (1965), Key Video.

Directed by Sergio Leone.

Tightrope (1984), Warner Brothers.

Directed by Richard Tuggle.

Lately, video has been a great museum for fans of Sergio Leone and Clint Eastwood. Most thrilling is the release of *Once Upon a Time in the West*, a movie rarely resurrected on the revival circuit. Granted, on the small screen Leone's first post-Eastwood epic loses some of its big-country grandeur, and likewise his fetishistic close-ups and wide-angle shots seem less jarring, but it's still a cinematic epiphany. After all, Leone is one of our great visual stylists, and this movie features his most elegantly choreographed bloodbaths, not to mention his fullest alienation themes. It even finds a place in its black little heart for women (!) via the iron-willed Claudia Cardinale. Also superb are super-meanie Henry Fonda (who deep-sixes a little kid while grinning) and Charles Bronson, who takes the usual Eastwood role. Lacking Clint's humor, Bronson makes Eastwood seem positively manic by comparison. As a result, Bronson more purely embodies the otherworldly outlaw cynicism that is Leone's ultimate representation of human alienation.

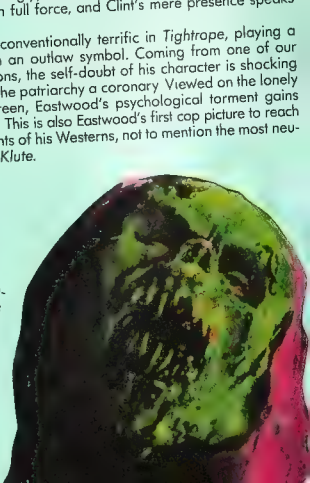
Leone's earlier work, *For a Few Dollars More* (previously available only on CED), is also big on style, if not as hot conceptually. It's better-photographed, more rhythmically compelling, and wittier than the first Leone/Clint matchup (*A Fistful of Dollars*) and more tightly constructed than the third (*The Good, the Bad, and the Ugly*). Leone's anti-verbal "pure cinema" extremes are out in full force, and Clint's mere presence speaks volumes.

Clint is more conventionally terrific in *Tightrope*, playing a man rather than an outlaw symbol. Coming from one of our great macho icons, the self-doubt of his character is shocking enough to give the patriarchy a coronary. Viewed on the lonely home video screen, Eastwood's psychological torment gains greater intimacy. This is also Eastwood's first cop picture to reach the artistic heights of his Westerns, not to mention the most neurotic noir since *Klute*.

Escape from Hell,* Wizard Video.

Directed by Edward Muller.

Escape from Hell is another pasta-brained Italian job—a women's-prison movie, set in a rain forest, no less. One guard likes to feed the ladies snake meat, since, in his words, "it gives them zip." I should say! When guards shove a live rattler in one inmate's face, she bites its head off and spits it out with nary a shudder. There's some other pretty neat violence here and some nice snarling dialogue, but there's also too much boring sex and not enough—well, zip—to the obligatory revenge finale.



* year unknown

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HOLIDAY

DRAWINGS BY MASSIMO IOSA GHINI

WRITTEN BY MAURIZIO CORRADO AND M I G.

SILVAVENGO, BACK FROM HIS DANGEROUS MISSION IN SUDAN, IS IN PALERMO, WHERE HE MEETS WITH GENERAL DE BASSACCIA, WHO CONGRATULATES HIM ON HIS SUCCESS.

FURNITURE DESIGN BY MASSIMO GHINI.

OUTSIDE, SILLAVENGO'S BEST FRIEND AND BUSINESS PARTNER, BARTOLOMEO ROSSI DELLA SCALA, IS WAITING FOR HIM.
BARTO, MY UNCLE GAVE US TICKETS FOR THE BOXING MATCH BETWEEN CARNERA AND TAMAGNINI. IT'LL BE A GREAT FIGHT!
SURE! I SAW SOME PICTURES OF CARNERA IN MILAN. HE'S A ROCK!
HOW ABOUT THE OFFICE? IS EVERYTHING OKAY? I LOOKED THROUGH THE BOOKS AND IT SEEMS THAT YOU DO EVEN BETTER WHEN I'M NOT THERE.
WE'RE GOING FORWARD
HEAVENS! WHERE DID THIS PIECE OF MODERNISM COME FROM?
JACKET BY CARAGENI
SHIRT BY HILDITCH AND KEY
TIE BY MIMMUS

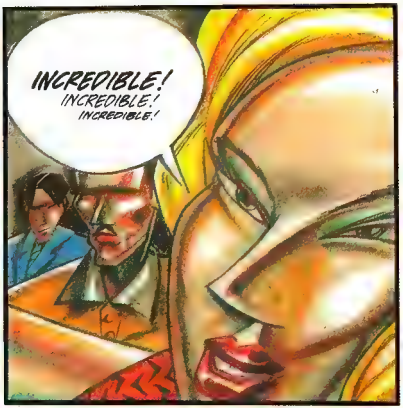
IT'S A SPLENDID EXAMPLE OF SICILIAN ARCHITECTURE. AN ITALIAN TRANSLATION OF THE RATIONAL STYLE!
HE, HE. I LIKE IT.
2
WELL, EDWARD, WHEN ARE YOU GOING TO START TELLING ME ABOUT YOUR MISSION?
4
3
IT'S A TERRIBLE WAY OF LIFE, BARTO. ONE'S ALWAYS ON THE MOVE, NEVER A MOMENT WITHOUT TENSION, NEVER A MOMENT OF PEACE. YOU'RE ALWAYS PURSUED BY FEELINGS WHICH CONDEMN INACTION. BASICALLY, AFRICA IS INSTINCTIVE ACTION, JUST ACTION, BARTO!
sabella
DO YOU HEAR THAT, BARTO? THOSE ARE OUR NEW TIGERS, ROARING IN THE SKY.
AVIATION IS A GREAT WEAPON!
3 ASHTRAY BY CORRADO MAURIZIO
2 "RHYTHMIC" BILLIARDS
4 "MONPARNASO" BAR DESIGN BY MASSIMO GHINI

...AGAINST THE TERRIBLE FABIO TAMAGNINI, ALSO KNOWN AS "THE WILD BEAST OF THE EMPIRE."
DING.
FROM THE DIARY OF CAPTAIN BILLAVENGO.

FROM THE DIARY OF CAPTAIN BILLAVENGO. "INCREDIBLE PUNCHES, DELIVERED WITH WHAT SEEMS TO BE THE STRENGTH OF A TEN-HORSEPOWER MOTOR."

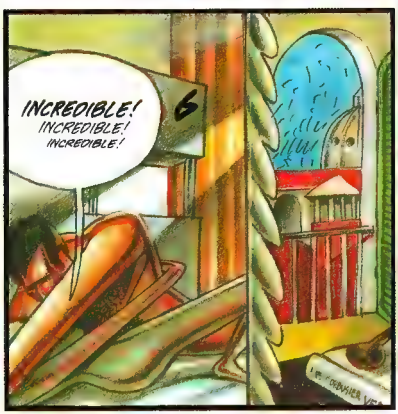
"QUESTIONI MICIDIALI" RING 84 DICK MARTINO

I JUST COULDN'T REMEMBER WHO SHE WAS, UNTIL A WELL-PLACED PUNCH...

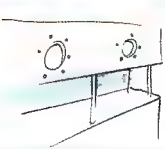


SHE JUMPED TO HER FEET, SHOUTING WITH A SLIGHT BOSTON ACCENT THAT ALWAYS CAME OUT WHEN SHE WAS REALLY EXCITED.

WHEN SHE WAS EXCITED..



I FINALLY SUCCEEDED IN GETTING TO HER AMIDST THE THICK CROWD THAT WAS PRESSING AGAINST THE EXIT.



"CARENA" CUPBOARD 6

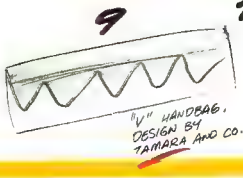
7

"LITO" HAIRCUT BY TIZIO AND NORMADELLI.

I HAD MET HER IN ROME, IN 1930, AT THE OPENING OF THE AVIATION EXPO. SHE WAS THE FIRST WOMAN TO FLY ACROSS THE ATLANTIC.

SHE HAD FLOWN FROM NEWFOUNDLAND TO BURRY PORT, WALES, IN BARELY 20 HOURS. SHE HAD EARNED HER NICKNAME MISS LINDY.

"BOLTED" DRESS, DESIGN BY MASSIMO GHINI



"V" HANDBAG, DESIGN BY TAMARA AND CO.

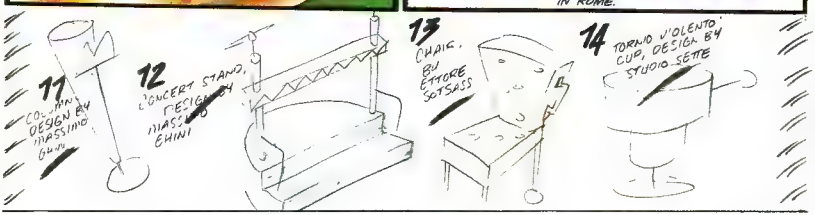
"NORMADELLI" HAIRCUT, BY TRONI AND NORMADELLI

12
13
11
14
HOW ABOUT YOUR BRIDGE?
NOTHING YET. WE ARE WORKING ON A COMPETITION FOR THE GOVERNMENT BUILDING IN ROME. WHAT A GLORIOUS JOB! THE BEST ARCHITECTS IN EUROPE ARE COMPETING. WHAT A GREAT CHALLENGE!

I REMEMBER THAT WHILE I WAS READING NIETZSCHE AND LISTENING TO THE THIRD BRANDENBURG CONCERTO, SHE LOOKED AT ME AND STARTED TO GATHER HER THINGS, REPEATING INCESSANTLY, "BAK, BAK! BAK!". I HADN'T SEEN HER SINCE.

YOU ARCHITECTS AND ENGINEERS THINK THAT DRAWING AND TALKING ARE THE SUPREME CHALLENGE, BUT, DARLING, THE ONLY SUPREME CHALLENGE IS CROSSING THE PACIFIC OCEAN. FLYING IS THE ONLY CHALLENGE THERE IS!
DRAWING INDEED! ALBERTO, WHY DON'T YOU COME TO THE AIRPORT TOMORROW AND I WILL SHOW YOU WHAT FLYING IS, AND WE'LL LISTEN TO ALBINONI.

ALBINONI REMINDED ME OF ALL OUR RENDEZVOUS IN ROME.

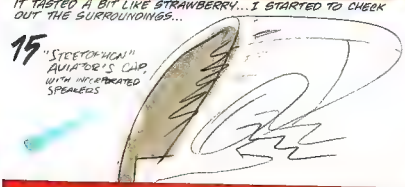


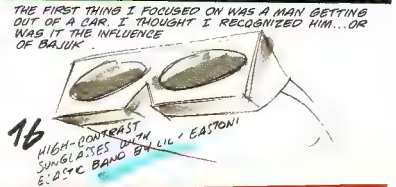
THAT MORNING WAS WONDERFUL. FLYING WAS EXHILARATING, AND I WAS SO EXCITED THAT I LONGED TO STROKE HER BREASTS.

THEN SHE OFFERED ME SOME BAJUK.

IT TASTED A BIT LIKE STRAWBERRY... I STARTED TO CHECK OUT THE SURROUNDINGS...

THE FIRST THING I FOCUSED ON WAS A MAN GETTING OUT OF A CAR. I THOUGHT I RECOGNIZED HIM... OR WAS IT THE INFLUENCE OF BAJUK.



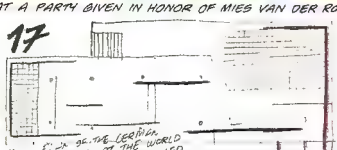


I HAD MET HIM IN THE FASCIST YOUTH GROUPS.

HE TOLD ME THAT HE HAD BEEN NICKNAMED "SILENT TERMOZETA" BECAUSE, DURING HIS MILITARY SERVICE, HE USED TO SIT IN SILENCE, FOR HOURS, IN FRONT OF A TERMOZETA STOVE

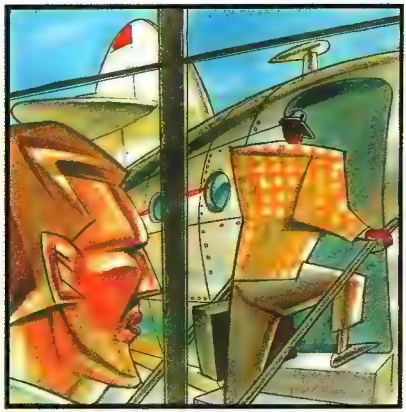
THE ONLY NIGHT I EVER SAW HIM BREAK LOOSE WAS AT A PARTY GIVEN IN HONOR OF MIES VAN DER ROHE IN BARCELONA, AT THE WORLD EXPO OF 1929.

18 "COSCIENZA COMMUNE" COCTAIL TRAY.



SECTION OF THE GERMAN PAVILION AT THE WORLD EXPO OF 1929 DESIGNED BY MIES VAN DER ROHE

I FORCED AMELIA TO LAND IMMEDIATELY AND TRIED TO FOLLOW HIM



I WATCHED SILENT CLIMB ON THE AIRPLANE

AND I SAW HIM SIT DOWN NEXT TO A FAMILIAR FACE...

TO BE CONTINUED

THE DESTROYER

HERIKBERTO

LEO FORNICHES, THE ARTIST, CAME OUT TO GREET JOURNALISTS, CRITICS, AND FRIENDS, AFTER HAVING PERFORMED IN HIS "RED AND WHITE SURFACE" HAPPENING. THIS HAD MADE HIM THE LEADING FIGURE IN THE NEW EXPRESSIONIST MOVEMENT

MR LEO, PLEASE EXPLAIN TO US HOW YOU ATTAINED THIS TRANSFIGURED REALITY

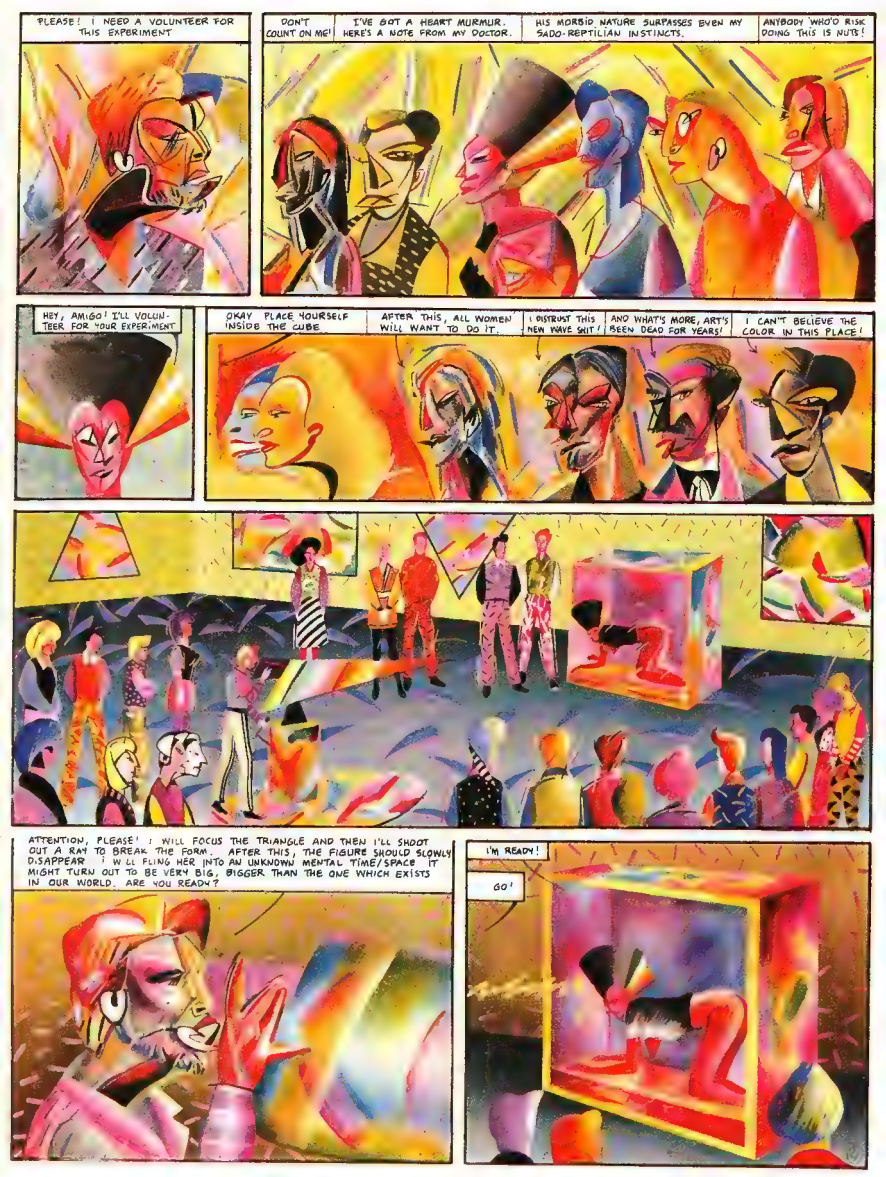
WELL, YOU KNOW THAT ANY WORK OF ART, IE A PAINTING, REPRESENTS A REALITY WHICH THE ARTIST FELT AND LIVED IN IN HIS EXISTENTIAL TIME/SPACE

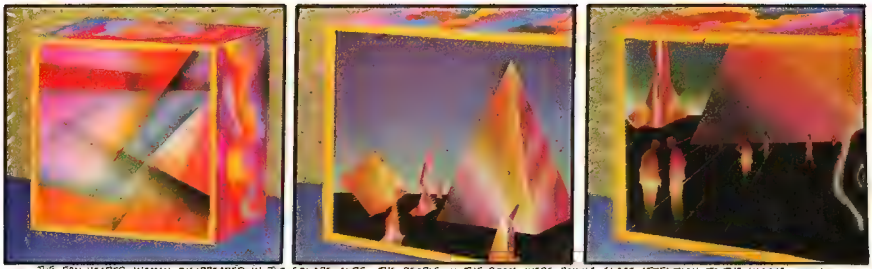
IF WE CONSIDER THE MENTALISM THEORY, ACCORDING TO WHICH THE UNIVERSE IS MIND, EVERY BEING WHO IS CREATING A WORK OF ART -- WHICH WILL BE ASSIMILATED BY THE COLLECTIVE UNCONSCIOUS OF ALL THE BEINGS WHO SURROUND IT -- IS CREATING, WITHOUT KNOWING IT, A CHANNEL ...

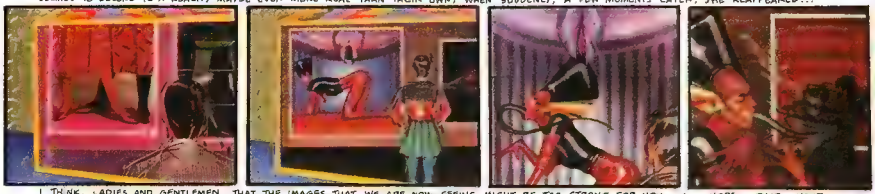
THE WORD CHANNEL ALWAYS REMINDS ME OF THE POLARIZATION OF LIGHT ON IDEAS BUFFETED BY PICTORIAL HAMMER STROKES

A NEW UNIVERSE, WITH AN INDIVIDUAL TIME/SPACE OUTSIDE OUR CURRENT DIMENSION. THAT IS TO SAY, A NEW WORLD AFTER MANY ATTEMPTS, I HAVE FINALLY SUCCEEDED IN BUILDING A MACHINE WHICH ABSORBS ANY SHAPE OR IMAGE, BREAKING IT DOWN AND TELETRANSPORTING IT TO A SPIRITUAL OR MENTAL WORLD. PLEASE FOLLOW ME, I'M GOING TO GIVE YOU AN EXAMPLE OF WHAT I'M TALKING ABOUT

MY MACHINE, OR TELETRANSPORTING SQUARE CUBE, HAS GREAT POWER. OUR MERE PROXIMITY PROVOKES A DISLOCATION OF COLORS....
INCREDIBLE! I CAN'T WAIT TO SEE THE EXPERIMENT, MR. LEO.
I, WHO HAVE BEEN EXPOSED TO THE RADIATION FOR QUITE SOME TIME, LOSE MY FORMAL STRUCTURE.
HERE IS MY INVENTION THE SQUARE CUBE!
HEY! WILL THIS PIECE OF JUNK KILL US?
IT'S TRUE! COLOR IS ALL AROUND US! IT ENVELOPS US!
IT SEEMS AS IF .. AS IF WE COULD TASTE IT... IT HAS A TASTE. DO YOU THINK IT'S INFECTED?
NO, IT'S ONLY AN OPTIC EFFECT.
SMELLS A LITTLE MUSTY!


PLEASE! I NEED A VOLUNTEER FOR THIS EXPERIMENT
DON'T COUNT ON ME!
I'VE GOT A HEART MURMUR. HERE'S A NOTE FROM MY DOCTOR.
HIS MORBID NATURE SURPASSES EVEN MY SADO-REPTILIAN INSTINCTS.
ANYBODY WHO'D RISK DOING THIS IS NUTS!
HEY, AMIGO! I'LL VOLUNTEER FOR YOUR EXPERIMENT
OKAY PLACE YOURSELF INSIDE THE CUBE
AFTER THIS, ALL WOMEN WILL WANT TO DO IT.
I DISTRUST THIS NEW WAVE SHIT!
AND WHAT'S MORE, ART'S BEEN DEAD FOR YEARS!
I CAN'T BELIEVE THE COLOR IN THIS PLACE!
ATTENTION, PLEASE! I WILL FOCUS THE TRIANGLE AND THEN I'LL SHOOT OUT A RAY TO BREAK THE FORM. AFTER THIS, THE FIGURE SHOULD SLOWLY DISAPPEAR. I WILL FLING HER INTO AN UNKNOWN MENTAL TIME/SPACE. IT MIGHT TURN OUT TO BE VERY BIG, BIGGER THAN THE ONE WHICH EXISTS IN OUR WORLD. ARE YOU READY?
I'M READY!
GO!


THE FAN-HEADED WOMAN DISAPPEARED IN THE SQUARE CUBE. THE PEOPLE IN THE ROOM WERE PAYING CLOSE ATTENTION TO THE IMAGES, WHICH SEEMED TO BELONG TO A REALITY MAYBE EVEN MORE REAL THAN THEIR OWN, WHEN SUDDENLY, A FEW MOMENTS LATER, SHE REAPPEARED...


I THINK, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, THAT THE IMAGES THAT WE ARE NOW SEEING MIGHT BE TOO STRONG FOR YOU. I HOPE THAT YOUR MIND WILL BE ABLE TO TAKE IT... I CANNOT RESIST THIS BRUTAL REALITY... WHICH COULD BE COMING FROM ANY MIND IN THE UNIVERSE, MAYBE A CRAZED ONE, MAYBE A DREAMER'S... CAREFUL!!... THIS IS VERY STRONG! I CAN'T CONTROL THE MACHINE!...

AAAAHG!

THE BEING WHOSE IMAGE WAS PROJECTED ON THE SCREEN LET OUT A BRUTAL, STRANGLING SCREAM, AND THE AUDIENCE STARTED TO DISINTEGRATE INTO PURE COLOR, TURNING INTO DRAWINGS. ALL THE ARTIST'S EFFORTS TO CONTROL HIS MACHINE WERE IN VAIN. AFTER A WHILE, THE STRANGE BEING CAME OUT OF THE CUBE, OVERWHELMING, CREATING A TOTAL PANIC. CHAOS REIGNED!! .. A STRANGE ANGUISH PERVADED THE MUSEUM .. AND THEN THE WHOLE WORLD!!

THE COLORS DISPERSED IN A SLOW WALTZING RHYTHM, AND THE SHAPES CHATTERED IN GLEE AS THEY ENTERED THE STRUCTURALLY INSANE COSMIC DREAM

I AM THE LIBERATOR !!

ALL THE IMAGES IN PICTURES, BOOKS, STORES, TELEVISIONS, AND EVEN IN THE MINDS OF THAT WORLD DANCED AROUND IN THE CONFUSION OF THIS WORLD WITH NO NAME... OUTSIDE TIME AND SPACE...

WHOEVER HAS DARED TO AWAKEN THE LIBERATOR NOW HAS TO CONFRONT HIM .. I AM TERROR, PANIC, PRIMAL CRY, ANIMAL, SCHIZOPHRENIA, THE PURE, THE IMPURE, THE BEAUTIFUL, THE UGLY, ALL YOU HAVE EVER IMAGINED, BECAUSE I'M AN IDEA, A GHOST, WHO MAY INHABIT ANY HUMAN BEING OR ANIMAL, GIVING THEM THE ABILITY TO CREATE, BECAUSE I'M ALL THAT'S ABSTRACT AND CONCRETE, ALL THAT'S ABSURD, EXPRESSIONIST, VISCERAL, SURREALIST, .. I AM WHAT PEOPLE CALL.. THE MUSE OF INSPIRATION !!!

WHAT A NICE IDEA I HAVE TO PUT THIS ON MYSELF
END

COLLECTOR'S ITEMS

#2/MAY '77: Russian astronauts, "Conquering Armies," the ultimate rock festival, and more.

#3/JUNE '77: Macedo's "Rockblitz," highly praised "Shells," beginning of Davis's "World Apart," Moebius, Corben, Bodé, more.

#4/JULY '77: Lots of Moebius: "Arzach," "The Long Tomorrow"; conclusion of "Sunpot."

#5/AUGUST '77: "Polonius" begins, "The Long Tomorrow" concludes, and "World Apart" and "Den" continue.

#6/SEPTEMBER '77: Roger Zelazny has a short story, and Moebius, a space opera; plus more "World Apart," "Den," and "Polonius."

#7/OCTOBER '77: Fiction by Theodore Sturgeon, Moebius's "Airtight Garage," "Den" and "Polonius" back again.

#8/NOVEMBER '77: New Harlan Ellison fiction, 9 color pages by Moebius and Rimbaud, conclusions for "Polonius" and "World Apart."

#9/DECEMBER '77: Extra pages for the complete "Vuzz," by Druillet, "Fortune's Fool," by Chaykin and Wein, plus full-color Corben, Macedo, Claveloux, and Moebius.

#10/JANUARY '78: Morrow illustrates Zelazny, Lob and Pichard update *Ulysses*, "Conquering Armies" concludes, "Den" continues.

#11/FEBRUARY '78: New adventures of "Barbarella," cover and center spread by Nino, plus Moebius and Corben.

#12/MARCH '78: Gray Morrow's swashbuckling "Orion" debuts; more "Barbarella," "Urm," and "Den."

#13/APRIL '78: Our 1st anniversary issue! A 30-page insert from "Paradise 9." "Barbarella" gives birth, while "Den" wraps it up.

#14/MAY '78: "Urm the Mad" waves bye-bye, but "Orion" and "Barbarella" continue, and Alex Nino tips his hat.

#15/JUNE '78: Corben introduces Shahrazad. Sturgeon's classic "More Than Human" is illustrated, more "Barbarella," and the origins of "Heilman."

#16/JULY '78: A happy ending for "Barbarella," a sad ending for "1996," resumption of Druillet's "Gail," more "Heilman," "Orion," "More Than Human," and Corben's "Arabian Nights."

#19/OCTOBER '78: "Exterminator 17," Ellison's illustrated "Glass Goblin," more of McKie's "So Beautiful and So Dangerous."

#20/NOVEMBER '78: Twenty pages of the Delany/Chaykin "Empire," more "Gail," "Exterminator," Moebius, Grubert, "Heilman" 's final rebirth, more.

#21/DECEMBER '78: The stocking's full with "Orion," Kirchner's "Tarot," and 30 beautiful pages of Moebius.

#22/JANUARY '79: Trina debuts and Druillet concludes "Gail," plus McKie and Corben.

#23/FEBRUARY '79: "Galactic Geographic," "Starcrown," Corben's "Sinbad," McKie's "So Beautiful and So Dangerous."

#24/MARCH '79: Twenty pages of Chaykin illustrating Bester's "The Stars My Destination," "Starcrown" II, and Ellison's late show.

#29/AUGUST '79: Caza steals show with "New Ark City," plus Mayerik, Suydam, "Galactic Geographic," Bodé, more.

#30/SEPTEMBER '79: "Elric," "Buck Rogers," a wizard named "Elvis," and "Little Red V-3," alongside Montellier and Moebius.

#31/OCTOBER '79: A Halloween tribute to H. P. Lovecraft, with Moebius, Breccia, Druillet, Suydam, others.

#32/NOVEMBER '79: Corben's "Rowlf," Bodé's "Zooks," Brunner's "Elric," Chaykin's "The Stars My Destination," Moebius, and more.

#33/DECEMBER '79: A Christmas package from Caza, Corben, Kofoed, Suydam, Stiles, Trina, Moebius, and Ellison, plus "Gnomes" and "Giants."

#35/FEBRUARY '80: An eerie Gouratin cover adorns this issue. Corben's "The Beast of Wolfton" begins, McKie experiments with the Air Pump, and we join Matt Howarth on a crazed acid trip.

#36/MARCH '80: Why did "The Crevasse" take Jeannette? Read the Schuiten strip! Plus: Corben, Matena, Moebius, and Lee Marrs's "Good Vibrations."

#37/APRIL '80: Our 3rd anniversary issue—32 pages of "Champakou" in living color, final installment of Moebius's "Airtight Garage," plus Caza, Bilal, Howarth, Corben, Bodé—and more!

#38/MAY '80: Does the Supreme Alchemist exist? Will Axle ever find out? Will "Champakou" reach the Doll of Jade? Will Joe strike out with the alien Marilyn, too?

#39/JUNE '80: "Champakou" meets his fate, while "Captain Sternn" sails the day. And it's the Flying Wallendas vs. Earth!

#41/AUGUST '80: Druillet returns with "Salammbo" while Moebius concludes "Shore Leave" (and is interviewed). Bilal continues "Progress!"

#49/APRIL '81: Corben's "Bloodstar," Giménez's "Good-bye, Soldier!," Harry North's "Stories from London," and an interview with Julio Ribera.

#50/MAY '81: Premiers of Chaykin's "Cody Starbuck" and Bilal's "The Immortals' Fête!" Plus: Suydam's "The Toll Bridge" and William S. Burroughs on immortality.

#51/JUNE '81: The 1st part of the Richard Corben interview, Jim Steranko's adaptation of *Outland* premieres, Howarth's "Changes" winds up. Plus: Caza, Chaykin, Crepax, and Workman!

#56/NOVEMBER '81: Jeronaton's "Egg of the World," Jeff Jones, Segrelles, and Bilal all frame the art of Leo and Diane Dillon beautifully.

#58/JANUARY '82: Our "Happy Future" issue. Includes Arno, Loustal, Voss, Hé, and Gillon; and "The Autonomous Man," all surrounded by Chaykin and Simonson, Segrelles, and Steranko.

#59/FEBRUARY '82: The further adventures of John Difool in "The Incal Light." Wein and Chaykin's "Gideon Faust" gets going—again. Plus Fernandez, Jones, Schuiten.

#60/MARCH '82: 2nd Special Rock Issue featuring Dick Matena's "A Life in the Day," a surrealistic look at the life of John Lennon. Luis Garcia's "Nova 2" begins. Plus "Mercenary," "Den," "Rock Opera," etc.

#61/APRIL '82: 5th anniversary issue offers a variety of material. What with Claveloux, Druillet, Moebius, Bilal, and an essay on J. G. Ballard, you'll be busy until our 6th!

#62/MAY '82: The 1st part of David Black's "Third Sexual Revolution." "The Art of De Es Schwertberger." Plus: "Sixteen and Vanilla" by Ted White and Val Lakey.

sold out

#63/JUNE '82: Fantastic Cities issue, with artists Voss, Caza, Scibelli, and R. Crumb, all surrounded by regulars: Druillet, Moebius, Schuiten, and Fernandez.

#64/JULY '82: Marcele and Lacome's strange "Life at the Circus" and pages from Corben's *Flights into Fantasy*. Plus Jones, Garcia, and Druillet.

#65/AUGUST '82: Jones and Wrightson's "Freak Show" and Pisu and Manara's "The Ape. . ." Plus the finale of "The Incal Light" by Moebius and Jodorowsky.

#66/SEPTEMBER '82: Hecht's "Music-Video Interface," Lupoff's "Barsoom!" and Hinge's "Object." Plus our regulars: Bilal, Fernandez, Kierkegaard.

#67/OCTOBER '82: You'll have Scary Dreams after reading our special horror section. Everything from Eddie Poe to the weirdest phobias possible. Don't read it alone! P.S.: Last part of Black's "Third Sexual Revolution."

#68/NOVEMBER '82: Part I of Kaluta's "Starstruck." Findley's "Tex Arcana" continues as does "Den II" and Druillet's "Yragael." Plus: a peek at Wrightson's *National Lampoon's Class Reunion*.

#69/DECEMBER '82: A Will Stone Gallery, the return of Suydam's "Mudwog," and Mark Fisher's 'Amino Men." Plus Corben, Fernandez, and Kierkegaard.

#70/JANUARY '83: The strange conclusion to Wrightson's "Freak Show," a look at *The Dark Crystal*, and regulars Manara, Corben, Fernandez, etc.

#71/FEBRUARY '83: The making of the film *The Entity*, Kim Deitch's *Eating Raoul*, and regulars Corben, Kaluta, Crepax, etc.

#72/MARCH '83: We bid a fond farewell to Den and Kath, and a warm welcome to Bilal's "City that Didn't Exist." A Gallery on Robert Willfiams, plus Manara, Kaluta and more.

#73/APRIL '83: Moebius's "The Twinkle in Fildegar's Eye," and Sauri's "The Odyssey," along with Kaluta, Crepax, and Workman.

#75/JUNE '83: Corben's "Doomsculf," the end of Crepax's "The Man from Harlem," and a peek at the 3-D science fiction thriller, *Spacehunter*.

#76/JULY '83: Liberatore's "Ranxerox," the end of Kulata's "Starstruck" (for the time being), an interview with Dan O'Bannon and a glimpse at Ray Bradbury's *Dinosaur Tales*.

#77/AUGUST '83: Arno and Jodorowsky's "The Small Earthworm" debuts, Giménez's "A Matter of Time" appears, and Captain Beefheart is interviewed, all behind a beautiful Greg Hildebrandt cover.

#78/SEPTEMBER '83: An exclusive interview with Francis Ford Coppola! Plus a Gallery look at the art of Rowena Morrill and the conclusions of "Zora" and "The City that Didn't Exist."

#79/OCTOBER '83: Timothy Leary! Enki Bilal! Pepe Moreno! Walter Hill! Rocky and Bullwinkle!?! A great issue!

#80/NOVEMBER '83: A spirited talk with Will Eisner, along with a Spirit story. Plus Crepax's "Valentina the Pirate." Enjoy.

#81/DECEMBER '83: Ranxerox bows out. Valentina comes on strong. Artist Liberatore is interviewed. Lots more!

#82/JANUARY '84: Part one of David Blacks vampire memoirs. Plus "Ranxerox in New York," and a peek at Arthur Clarke's *The Sentinel*.

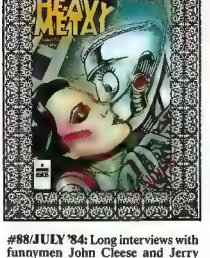
#83/FEBRUARY '84: Douglas Trumbull talks. John DiFool returns. And David Black's *My Vampires* comes to an end.

#84/MARCH '84: Douglas Adams is interviewed. Angus McKie and Charles Burns return. Ranxerox ends his New York adventure.

#85/APRIL '84: A long talk with Roger Corman. Plus Joe Kubert in "Dossier" and Boris Vallejo on the cover.

#86/MAY '84: "The Railways" begins, "Ranxerox" ends, and "The Third Incal" continues. Plus, two "June 2050"s for the price of one.

#87/JUNE '84: Slava Tsukerman talks about "Liquid Sky." "Lann" and "The Hunting Party" get started.



#88/JULY '84: Long interviews with funnymen John Cleese and Jerry Lewis. Long-awaited art from Jeronaton.

#89/AUGUST '84: Paul Kantner: *Starship* Captain. Penelope Spheeris: Godmother of Punk. Ed Naha: Good Writer of Bad Movies.

#90/SEPTEMBER '84: The Second Annual *HM* Music Video Awards. Lou Stathis interviews director David Cronenberg. Plus *Dernier Combat* director Luc Besson is interviewed.

#91/OCTOBER '84: The *HM* interview with director John Sayles. Caza drops by, and Jeronaton and Bilal continue.

#92/NOVEMBER '84: Schuiten begins, Jeronaton ends, and Paul Kirchner gives us some "Cool." Plus, shock-director John Waters tells us about his morals in the *HM* interview.

#93/DECEMBER '84: *HM*'s 1984 *fin* with a Federico Fellini interivew and a Boris Vallejo Gallery. Plus, Manara's "Author" gets to work.

#94/JANUARY '85: Interview with director Wolfgang Petersen. Liberatore presents his latest, "Sax Blues." And yet another "Marlowskitz."

#95/FEBRUARY '85: Russell Mulcahy, Rock video's premiere director, talks about his new movie, *Razorback*. Also, Jack Davis is interviewed and "Triton" concludes.

#96/MARCH '85: The premiere of Pepe Moreno's "Rebel." Interview with director Louis Malle, and the end of Bilal and Christin's "The Hunting Party" and Schuiten's "Walls of Samaris."

#97/APRIL '85: *HM* celebrates its eighth anniversary with Pepe Moreno, Richard Corben, Joost Swarte, and *more*. Also, interviews include *Gwendoline*'s Just Jaeckin, *The Stuff*'s Larry Cohen, and *Eating Raoul*'s Paul Bartel.

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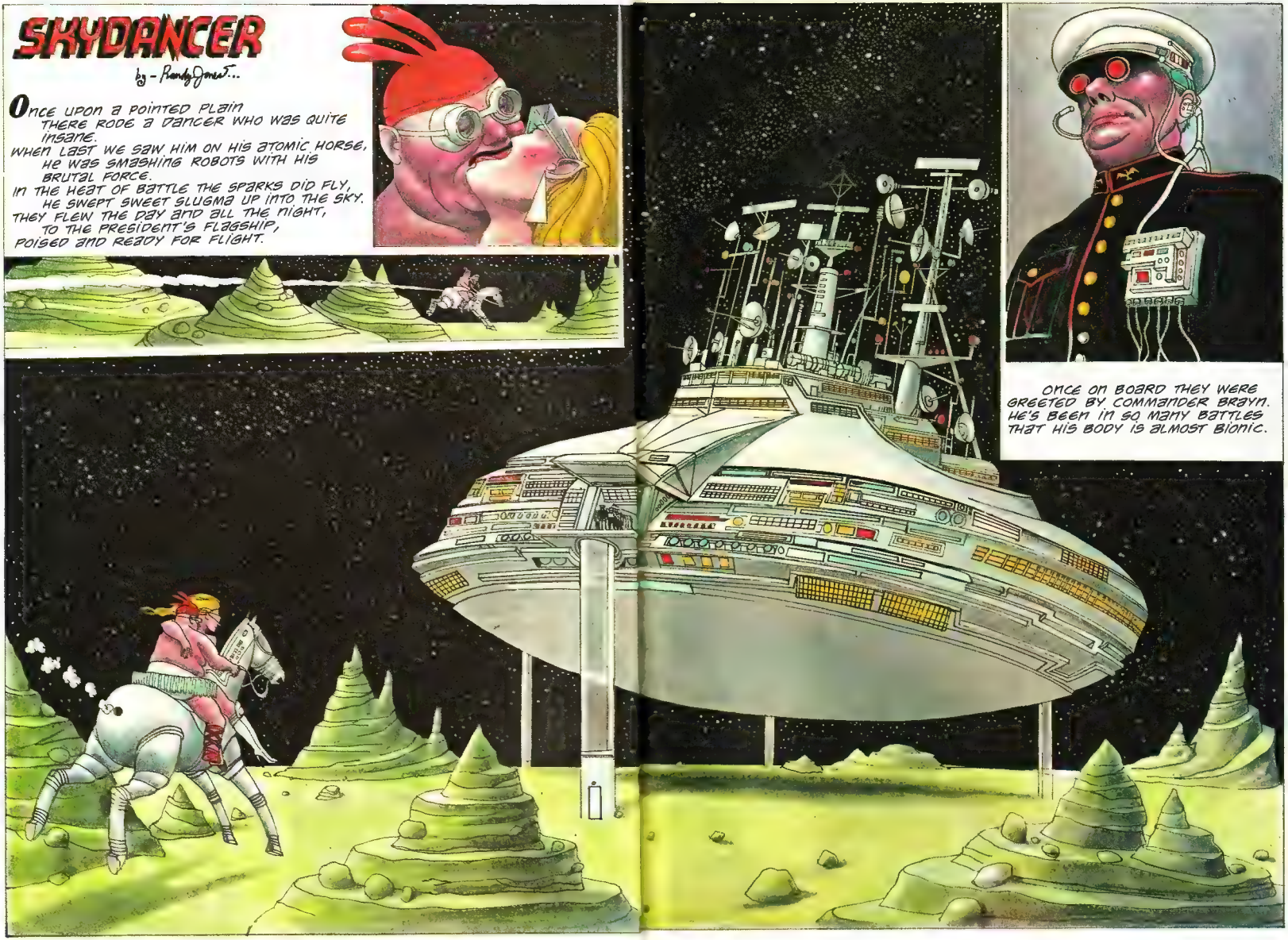
SKYDANCER

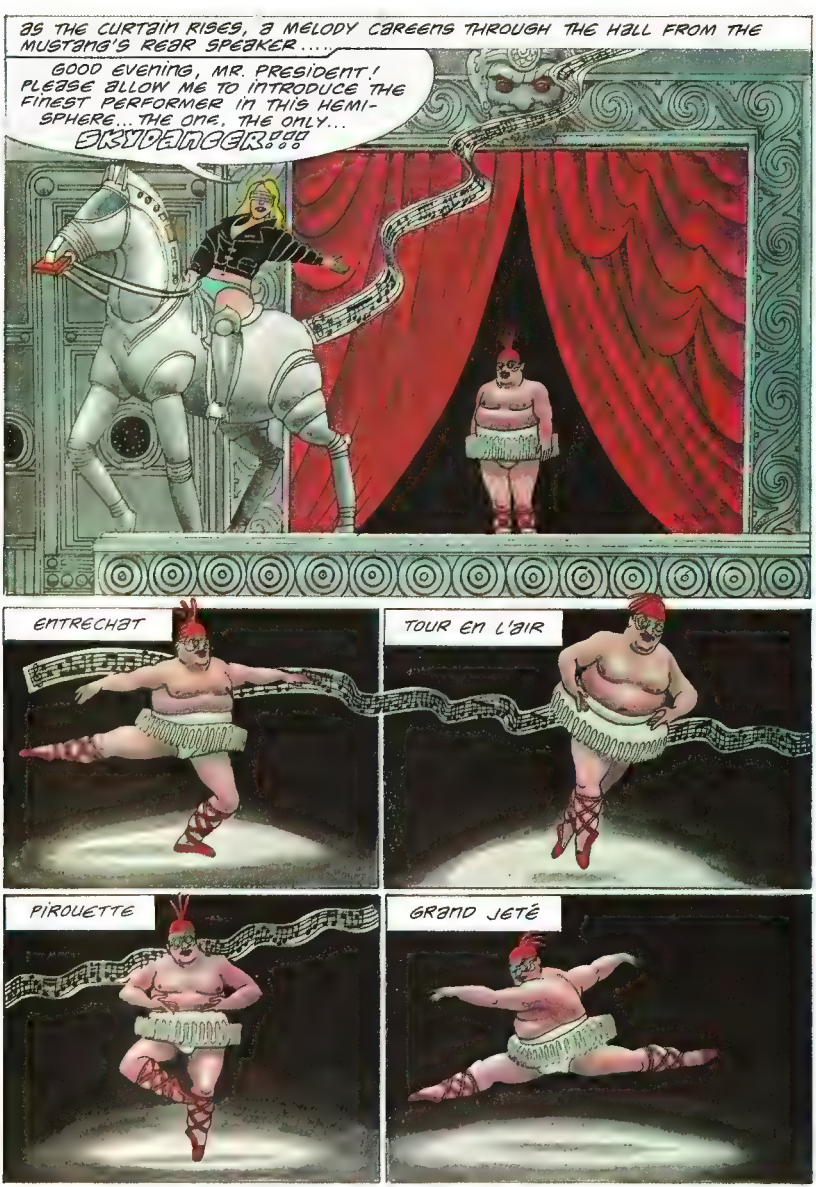
by - Randy Jones...

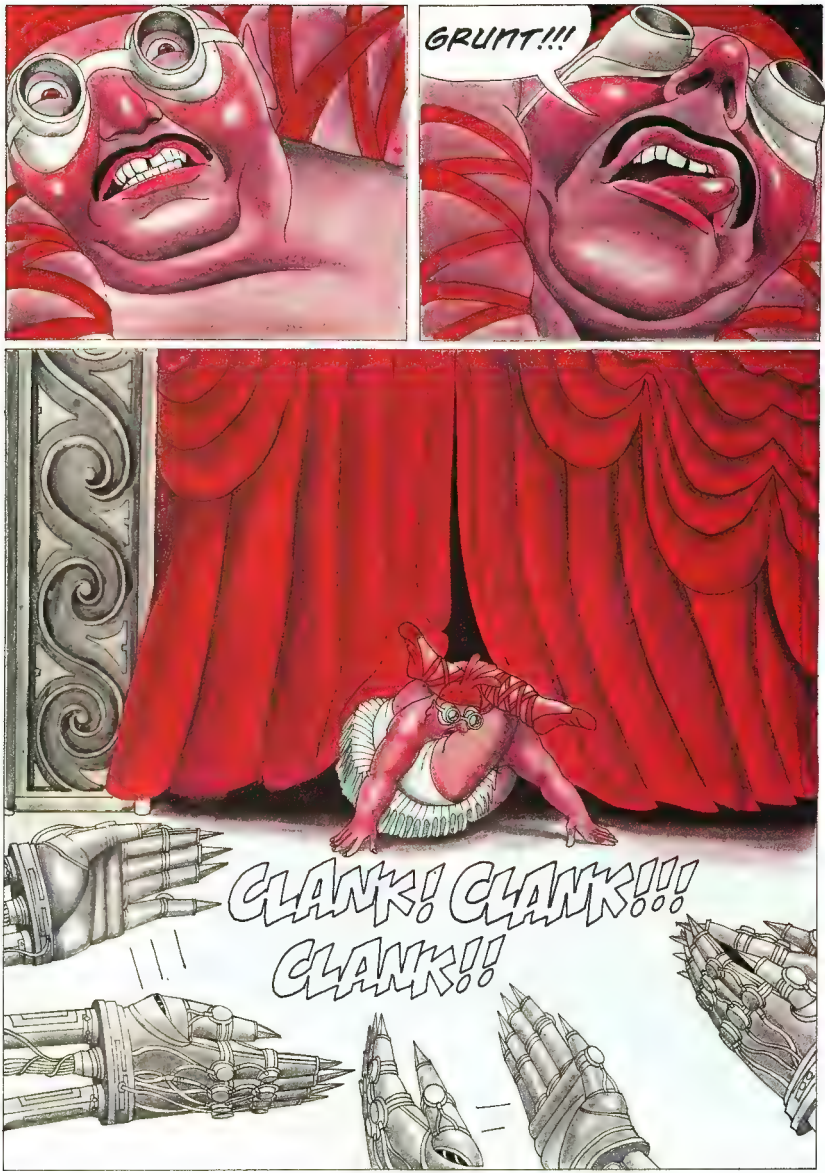
Once upon a pointed plain
there rode a dancer who was quite
insane.
When last we saw him on his atomic horse,
he was smashing robots with his
brutal force.
In the heat of battle the sparks did fly,
he swept sweet slugma up into the sky.
They flew the day and all the night,
to the president's flagship,
poised and ready for flight.

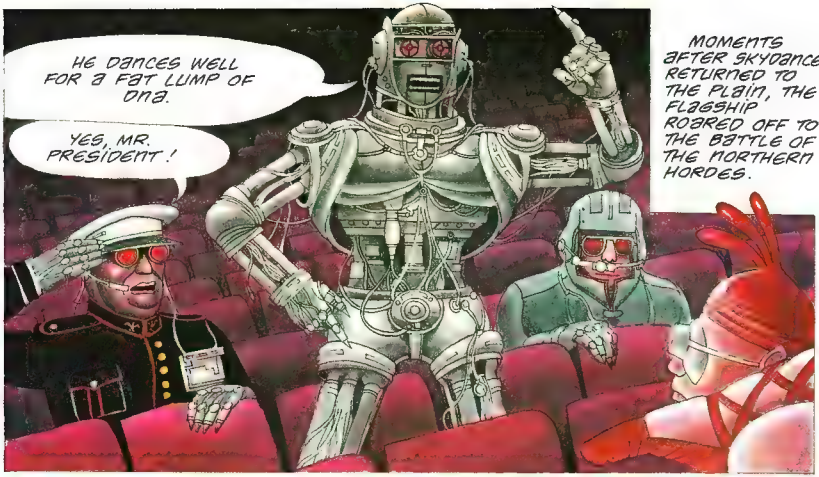


Once on board they were
greeted by commander brayn.
He's been in so many battles
that his body is almost bionic.

YOU'RE LATE! WHAT KEPT YOU?
I WAS SMASHING ROBOTS WITH MY BRUTAL FORCE.
SILENCE! OR I'LL SUMMON A FIRING SQUAD!
OOOOH! TOUCHY, TOUCHY!
YOU'RE ON IN FIVE MINUTES!
BUT I THOUGHT WE WERE GOING TO THE GALA AT THE CAPITAL. WHAT GIVES?
IT'S BEEN CANCELED DUE TO THE WAR THAT HAS JUST BROKEN OUT ALONG THE NORTHERN BORDER. THE CANADIANS ARE ON THE OFFENSIVE AGAIN!
WHAT A SHAME! THEY USED TO BE SUCH A NICE COUNTRY!
EVER SINCE THE HOCKEY WARS, PEACE HAS BEEN ELUSIVE WITH THE NORTHERN HORDES.
BUT... THE SHOW MUST GO ON!
WHAT A NICE SET OF WOOFERS!


AS THE CURTAIN RISES, A MELODY CAREENS THROUGH THE HALL FROM THE MUSTANG'S REAR SPEAKER.....
GOOD EVENING, MR. PRESIDENT! PLEASE ALLOW ME TO INTRODUCE THE FINEST PERFORMER IN THIS HEMISPHERE...THE ONE, THE ONLY... SKYDANCER!!!
ENTRECHAT
TOUR EN L'AIR
PIROUETTE
GRAND JETÉ


GRUNT!!!
CLANK! CLANK!!!
CLANK!!

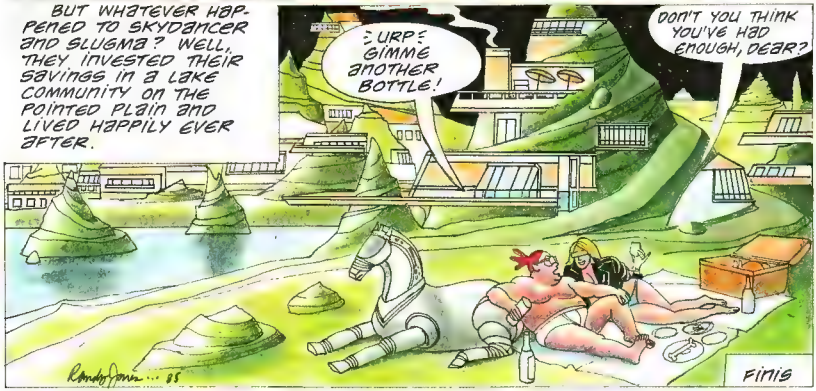


MOMENTS AFTER SKYDANCER RETURNED TO THE PLAIN, THE FLAGSHIP ROARED OFF TO THE BATTLE OF THE NORTHERN HORDES.

THE WAR RAGED FOR SIX MONTHS UNTIL THE CANADIAN CLIMATE TOOK ITS TOLL. THE END CAME WHEN THE PRESIDENT RUSTED SOLID FROM ATMOSPHERIC CONDITIONS. THEY DREW UP A FLIMSY TRUCE THAT HOLDS TO THIS DAY.

THE PRESIDENT WAS RETIRED AND PUT ON DISPLAY AT THE SMITHSONIAN.

BUT WHATEVER HAPPENED TO SKYDANCER AND SLUGMA? WELL, THEY INVESTED THEIR SAVINGS IN A LAKE COMMUNITY ON THE POINTED PLAIN AND LIVED HAPPILY EVER AFTER.



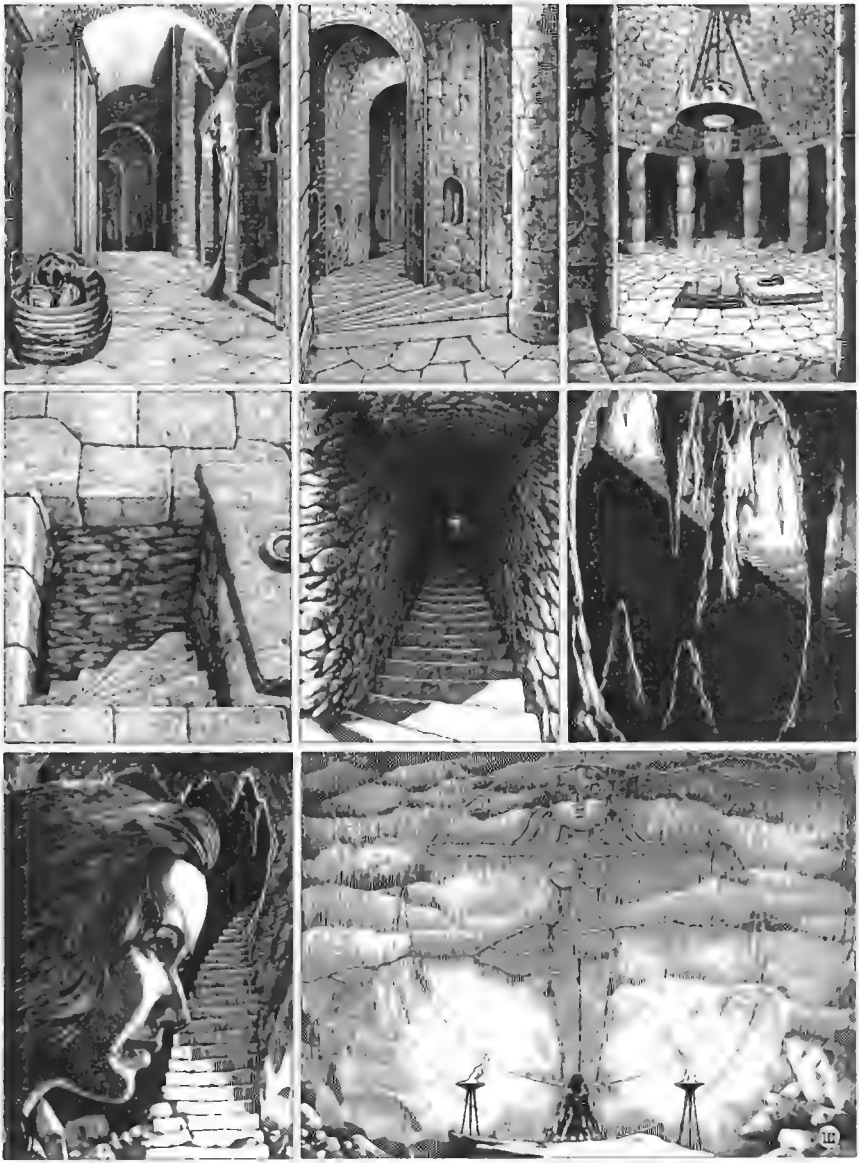
TEX★ARCANA

Meets the Toast of Europe

Part 20

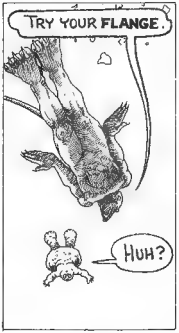
IN OUR LAST ACTION-PACKED EPISODE, WE WITNESSED THE ODDLY "PASSIONATE" DEMISE OF THE DISGUSTING HERR KLEID - DARE I SAY HE WAS "ALL TORE UP" WITH LOVE? - AND WE LEFT HERP AND SWEAZ CONTEMPLATING THEIR DWINDLING PROSPECTS. AS FOR THE SHERIFF AND HIS SEARCH PARTY...
HEY... WHA'S ALL DE SHOUTEEN' ABOU'? WHO EES SCARED DEES TIME?
WHAT IS IT? WHOSA SEE
IT WAS THOSE TWO LITTLE MONSTERS, RIGHT?
I DON'T KNOW. IT WAS A FACE, SORT OF.
AT LEAST I SAW EYES & A CHEEK
..MAYBE A PIECE OF NOSE JUST HANGIN' IN THIN AIR INSIDE A...A SHIMMERIN' BALL!
WHAT TH' HELL'S A, UH... WHUD HE SAY?
A SHIMMERIN BALL
YOU KNOW, LIKE A BUBBLE, OR A SOAPSUD... FLOATIN'... LOOKIN' AT ME
¡STOO-PEEDO! YOU GAH'DAT BEEG SMAH-GOAN EEN YOU' LAP, GRINGO!
¿HOW COME YOU DON' BLOW DAT BOBBLE TO HALE?
'CAUSE THERE WEREN'T NO SETCHA BUBBLE, THAT'S HOW COME.
IT'S AS PLAIN AS A PECKER ON A GUMDROP THAT THIS-HERE DUDE WUZ DREAMIN'.

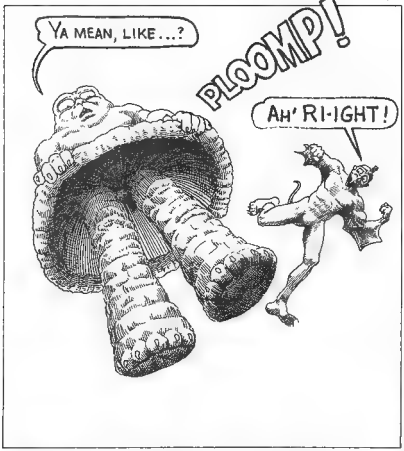
I GUESS IT COULDA BEEN A DREAM
WELL... YEAH! THERE WE GO!
LET'S JUST SAY IT WEREN'T NUTHIN' BUT A DREAM AN' LET IT GO AT THAT.
BUT, WHUT IF IT WUZN'T...?
BESIDES, TH' SUN'S FIXIN' T' COME UP ANY MINUTE...
TIME T' BREAK CAMP, SADDLE UP AN'... UH...
YEAH?
"UH" WHAT?
NOW, LET'S SEE... BREAK CAMP, SADDLE UP AND...?
RUSTLE UP SOME GRUB!
THAT'S GOOD BUT IT'S NOT IT.
THAT'S IT! OKAY! I GOT IT! HIT TH' TRAIL!
IT'S COMIN' THROUGH SHARP AN' CLEAR NOW. THING IS, IF I GET TOO CLOSE...
THEY KIN SEE ME LOOKIN' AT 'EM. IT AIN'T S'POSED T' DO LIKE THAT, IS IT?
IS IT?
HMM... WONDER WHERE SHE'S GOTTEN TO.
11

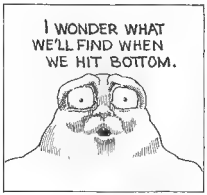


QUIT SHOVIN'!
UH. SORRY.
WHATTA WE GONNA DO, HERP?
QUIET. SWEAZ I'M THINKIN'.
OH. TRYIN' TO THINK OF A SPELL THAT'LL GET US OUTA THIS?
I'VE WRACKED MY BRAIN, BUT...
NO, I'M TRYIN' TO, LIKE, IMAGINE WHAT IT IS WE COULDA DONE T' DESERVE ALL THIS SHIT.
IV

WHAT?!
WE AIN'T GOT TIME FOR THAT!
LOOK!
TAKE IT EASY, LI'L GUY!
TAKE IT EASY?! HERP! WE'RE STANDIN' ON TH' ONLY THING IN THIS ABSURD UNIVERSE AND IT'S BLOWIN' ITSELF TO PIECES!
WELL, THEN. JUST ONE THING T' DO.
WHAT'S THAT?
THIS!
WHEN IN DOUBT, DO TH' OBVIOUS.
OBVIOUS TO YOU! UH... I THOUGHT YOUR WINGS DIDN'T WORK.
THEY DON'T. THEY'RE WHATCHA CALL "VESTIGIAL," YA KNOW?
WE'RE JUST, LIKE, FALLIN'.
GETTIN' A JUMP ON WHATEVER SHARP FRAGMENTS...OOPS!
HERP!
IT'S OKAY, SWEAZ. DON'T PANIC. WE'RE BOTH FALLING AT ABOUT TH' SAME SPEED.
AT LEAST THAT RULE STILL HOLDS.
V







MEANWHILE, BACK IN HANGMAN'S CORNERS, AT THE WIDOW BURNS'S BOARDINGHOUSE...

WHILE YOU DALLIED WITH THE WHORE, I WAS VISITED BY A MRS. BURNS.
DO NOT WORRY. SHE TOOK ME TO BE KLEID, A REASONABLE ASSUMPTION WHICH I DID NOT DENY.

A HANDSOME WOMAN, MRS. BURNS, INTELLIGENT, CLEAN; A MORE FITTING COMPANION THAN A SOILED HARLOT.
LOOK IN THE OTHER ROOM, MAESTRO.

TO BE CONTINUED....

BOOKSHELF

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Art and text by Lob and Richard. The brave Ulysses puts his strength against gods and goddesses as he travels across the universe.

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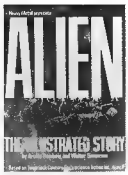

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Behind the scenes of the greatest animated adventure of all time.

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The Art of Heavy Metal_____copies at $6.95 each

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El BORBAH
BONE of Voyage
STORY SO FAR: EL BORBAH HAS RESCUED A DOPED-UP WALDA KISSLING FROM THE BROTHERS OF THE BONE. RIGHT NOW HE'S DRYING HER OUT IN A SLEAZY HOTEL ROOM.
BRAAAP/ UUURP... HUH..., THE BIMBO'S STILL ZONKED OUT... SHE SHOULD HAVE SNAPPED OUT OF IT BY NOW...
ZZZZZ
©1985 C. BURNS
I GUESS I'D BETTER GIVE HER BOYFRIEND A CALL... LET HIM DEAL WITH IT...
HELLO? YES? YOU HAVE HER? OH, MY GOD/ WHERE? I'LL BE OVER AS SOON AS I CAN/
LATER ON, JUNIOR...
OHHHH..., MY HEAD..., WHERE AM I?

HOLY CHRIST ON A CRAWLING CROSS! SHE CAN TALK!
WHAT THE HELL ARE YOU JABBERING ABOUT? WHO ARE YOU?
KEEP COOL, BABY... I'M THE GUY THAT SAVED YOUR ASS...YOU'VE BEEN OUT OF IT FOR A DAY AND A HALF.
BY THE WAY, I JUST CALLED YOUR BOYFRIEND AND HE'S HIGHTAILIN' IT OVER HERE...
BOYFRIEND? I DON'T HAVE A BOYFRIEND.
YOU KNOW, THE RICH GUY'S SON... JAMES ROCKBOTTOM, JR... HE HIRED ME TO FIND YOU.
AW, SHIT...HIM. SAY...WHAT'S THAT YOU'RE DRINKING? GIMME SOME.
AT YOUR SERVICE, UH...BEFORE HE GETS HERE I'VE GOT SOME QUESTIONS TO ASK...
URP... WHO'S STOPPING YOU?
O.K., WISEASS, START AT THE BEGINNING... HOW DID YOU GET MIXED UP WITH DOC FOWLER?
IT'S A LOUSY STORY, BUT I GUESS I OWE YOU ONE...LEMME SEE...
...I HAD JUST MOVED OUT TO THE EAST COAST LOOKING FOR A DECENT JOB...WHAT A LAUGH! TO MAKE ENDS MEET I WAS COCKTAILING IN THIS SLIMY AFTERHOURS BAR...
ONE NIGHT THIS BIG UGLY MUG COMES IN AND STARTS TRYING TO PUT THE MOVES ON ME...
COME HERE... I WANNA TALK TO YOU...
AT FIRST I TOLD HIM TO SHOVE...BUT BEFORE I KNOW IT HE'S TALKING UP A GREAT JOB HE KNOWS ABOUT...
HEY, IT'S NO SWEAT AND YOU'LL BE MAKIN' TOP DOLLAR...

I WAS REALLY DESPERATE, SO I TOOK A CHANCE AND WENT WITH THIS GUY TO MEET DR. FOWLER.

DID RANKO EXPLAIN? MY WORK HERE IS HIGHLY CONFIDENTIAL... YOU MUST NOT DISCUSS IT WITH ANYONE!

...IT TURNS OUT HIS HIGHLY CONFIDENTIAL WORK IS CREATING HIGHLY ILLEGAL DRUGS...

IT WORKS! IT REALLY WORKS!

FEED ME

I KEPT MY NOSE CLEAN AND THE MONEY WAS ROLLING IN... BUT IN A FEW MONTHS I STARTED TO GET BORED.

HEY BABY, YOU'RE LOOKIN' BUMMED... HOW ABOUT A LITTLE TOOT?

I DIDN'T KNOW WHAT RANKO'S JOB WAS, BUT HE ALWAYS SEEMED TO BE HANGING AROUND...

COME ON...LET'S YOU AND ME STEP OUT AFTER WORK AND HAVE SOME FUN...WANNA TOOT?

UM... O.K.

HIS IDEA OF FUN WAS GOING TO FANCY BARS AND MEETING HIS RICH, BORING FRIENDS...

HOWDY, FELLAS... I WANT Y'ALL TO MEET WALDA.

HUBBA, HUBBA!

AFTER A FEW DRINKS AND A FEW TOOTS, THEY WEREN'T QUITE SO BORING...

...SO WE CAME UP WITH A GREAT SOLUTION... HIRE THEM AS TRAINEES, PAY THEM HALF MINIMUM WAGE, AND THEN FIRE THEM AFTER SIX MONTHS...

HEH, HEH... WOW, GROOVY.

IT WASN'T LONG BEFORE I WAS GETTING IN DEEP WITH THESE GUYS... ONE NIGHT I WENT HOME WITH ONE OF THEM...

I'VE BEEN IN LOVE BEFORE, BUT THIS IS DIFFERENT... THIS IS THE REAL THING, BABY... REALLY...

THIS GUY IS DRUNK ON HIS BUTT AND STARTS TELLING ME ABOUT THE BROTHERS OF THE BONE...

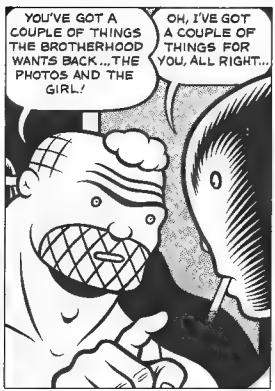
IT'S GREAT...BEST GAWDAM THING EVER HAPPENED TO ME... WE HAVE COSTUMES, BIG MEETINGS, A SECRET HANDSHAKE... AND PARTIES! GREAT PARTIES!

...LATER HE SHOWS ME A SCAR ON HIS BACK SHAPED LIKE A WISHBONE...

CAN YOU SEE IT? IT'S PART OF THE INITIATION... THEY BRAND YOU! HURTS LIKE HELL, BUT THEN YOU'RE A BROTHER FOR LIFE!

BEFORE I KNEW IT I FOUND MYSELF TURNING TRICKS FOR BIG BUCKS...
ONE OF THE BROTHERS TOLD ME ABOUT YOU...DO YOU LIKE...UH...HULA HOOPS?
...AND I WAS SPENDING IT AS FAST AS I WAS MAKING IT ON ALL SORTS OF WEIRD DRUGS...
GREAT SHIT... IT'S CALLED NEODEAD...
WOW, I'LL TAKE IT! UMM... WHAT'S IT DO?
SO THEN I GOT THIS BRIGHT IDEA TO BLACKMAIL SOME OF THE JOHNS I WAS DRAGGING OVER TO MY PAD...
CLICK!!!
THE WHOLE THING BLEW UP IN MY FACE... SOMEHOW THE BROTHER-HOOD CAUGHT WIND OF MY LITTLE ENTERPRISE AND SHUT ME DOWN QUICK!
... BUT NOT BEFORE YOU HID THE NEGATIVES...THEY TORE UP YOUR APARTMENT, BUT I FOUND THE ONE NEGATIVE THEY MISSED...
HERE, TAKE A LOOK AT THE PRINT...
BOY, WHAT A BEAUTIFUL COUPLE...THIS GUY WAS ONE OF THE WORST... A REAL FAT CAT WHO OWNS ALL SORTS OF CASINOS AND STUFF...
YOU CAN FIGURE OUT THE REST...THEY TRACKED ME DOWN, SHOT ME UP WITH SOME REALLY NASTY DOPE, AND RIGGED ME UP AS A BIG BABYDOLL...
NOK! NOK!
HUH... THAT MUST BE YOUR BOYFRIEND.
UH, OH...

IT WASN'T EASY TRACKING YOU DOWN, FATMAN...NOW IF YOU COOPERATE WITH US WE JUST MIGHT GO EASY ON YOU...


YOU'VE GOT A COUPLE OF THINGS THE BROTHERHOOD WANTS BACK...THE PHOTOS AND THE GIRL!
OH, I'VE GOT A COUPLE OF THINGS FOR YOU, ALL RIGHT...

WAK!
STARTING WITH A DROPKICK TO THE FACE!

NEXT... THE DOUBLE CLAW!

...AND HOW ABOUT A KNEE DROP?

HEY, YOU LOOK TIRED...I THINK MY FAMOUS SLEEPER HOLD SHOULD DO THE TRICK!

SAY GOODNIGHT, RANKO...
GUHH... ZZZ...

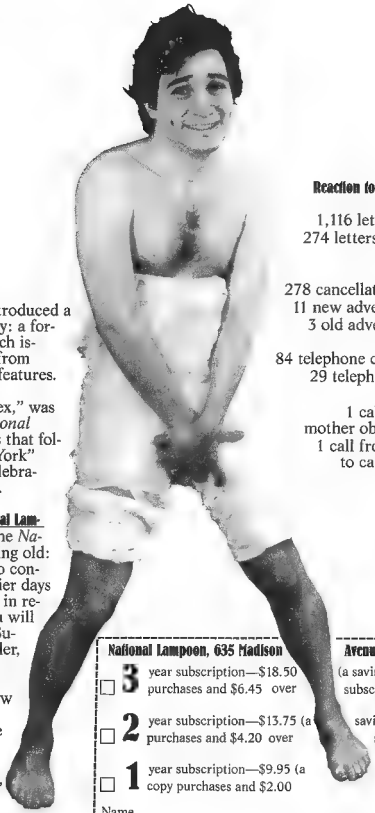
COME ON IN, BOYS...YOU'RE NEXT!

THIRTY SECONDS LATER...
GOD! HOW DID THEY FIND US? LET'S GET OUT OF HERE!
HOLD IT...I WANNA TAKE A LOOK AT THESE BOZOS...BESIDES, WE'RE WAITING FOR YOUR BOYFRIEND...

I TOLD YOU ALREADY, I DON'T HAVE A BOYFRIEND... HE WAS JUST A CREEPY LITTLE GUY WHO HAD A BAD CRUSH ON ME, AND...
AHEM...

WHAT'S GOING ON HERE? WHO ARE ALL THESE PEOPLE?
THAT'S JUST WHAT I'M FINDING OUT, JACK!
DAD! WHA... WHAT HAVE YOU DONE TO HIM? LEAVE HIM ALONE!
YOU GOTTA BE KIDDING! THIS IS THE SAME OLD GEEZER THAT WAS IN THE PHOTO OF...UH, NEVER MIND.
DAD! WAKE UP! ARE YOU O.K.?
PSSST! I THINK THIS IS OUR CUE TO SLIP ON OUT OF HERE... I'M NOT IN THE MOOD FOR ANSWERING QUESTIONS...
YEAH... ME NEITHER.
I'VE GOT MY CAR PARKED OUT BACK... WE CAN GET SOME CHOW. YOU LIKE CHILE DOGS?
SURE...I GUESS SO.
HOLY SHIT! MY BEAUTIFUL RIG! LOOK WHAT THEY DID TO IT!
MAN, WHAT A DRAG...LOOKS LIKE WE'RE GONNA HAVE TO HOOF IT, BABY...
O.K. BUT DON'T CALL ME BABY.
END

The Change Has Proven Successful



Reaction to the January 1985 issue and the new format:

1,116 letters complimenting issue
274 letters that primarily indicated sender hated issue
1,964 new subscriptions
278 cancellations of old subscriptions
11 new advertisers for coming issues
3 old advertisers canceled existing contracts
84 telephone calls complimenting issue
29 telephone calls criticizing issue
2 obscene calls
1 call from executive editor's mother objecting to nudity in issue
1 call from nude model objecting to call from executive editor's mother

With our January 1985 issue we introduced a **new and totally innovative** editorial policy: a format that would have *no* format. Each issue would be completely different from any other—no regular columns or features.

The January issue, "Good, Clean Sex," was the highest-selling issue of the *National Lampoon* in three years. The issues that followed, February's "Guide to New York" and March's "15th Anniversary Celebration," appear to be equally popular.

Something funny has happened to the National Lampoon. With this new "non-policy," the *National Lampoon* has added something old: many of the writers and artists who contributed to the magazine in its earlier days but had moved on to other matters in recent years are back again. Thus you will once again see Gahan Wilson, Ed Subitzky, Rick Meyerowitz, Chris Miller, Danny Abelson, P. J. O'Rourke, John Weidman, and many others, in addition to a group of new humorists whose writings haven't been equaled around here since the mid-seventies.

Coming up: The "Youth at Play" issue, True Facts Annual, Music Festival, the (what promises to be remarkable) "Mad As Hell" Report, and others that will provoke, annoy, prod, scintillate, mock, entertain—but mostly, just make you laugh.

A new format—the world's most widely read humor magazine. You can subscribe. TODAY!

National Lampoon, 635 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022

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- ☐ **1** year subscription—$9.95 (a saving of $14.05 over single-copy purchases and $2.00 over subscription price)

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HM685

Chain Mail

Dear *Heavy Metal*:
For two years now, my career in the Army has been enlightened by my monthly copulation with your magazine. But for the past six or eight issues, I've completely lost my grip on the meaning of *Heavy Metal*. The issues seem to be turning more and more and yet more bizarre. I'm stationed in Germany, and I've nothing against the European invasion. But with each passing issue, I lose sight of the meaning of *Heavy Metal*. Rock 'n' roll, barbaric costumes, and high adventure were what I believed *Heavy Metal* to be about. Have I lost touch? Sometimes I find it impossible to get a grip on the story line. Whatever happened to "I'm Age" by Mr. Jones? (*We wish we knew.*—Eds.) What happened to the savage who rescues, for some ungodly reason, the half-, sometimes whole-naked woman? Would you please dig down deep and give me *your* true definition of *Heavy Metal*?

Mrs. Grace Copeland
West Germany

If Heavy Metal *were a fragrance, it would be where jasmine and exhaust fumes meet. Anyone who cannot see the godly reason for rescuing a half-naked woman hasn't smelled this scent yet.*—Eds.

Dear *HM*:
Your book may have a new staff, and a so-called "new" look, but frankly, not very much has changed in terms of the racial stereotypes and racial bigotry which ooze from this magazine. (*National Lampoon*, your sister magazine, hides behind humor to mask its views of racism and white supremacy.)
If you are asking what brought this on, I suggest you look at Daniel Torres's blatantly racist "Triton." Martians have been depicted in many forms but never like this—oddly subservient to man rather than the reverse. (*You'd better quit while you're ahead, fella.*—Eds.) My bone of contention with this mag is that *HM* has a considerable black following. It is not right for this mag to ignore this segment of the audience, or go out of its way to ridicule or humiliate them while asking for their money.

Prof. Logan Azimuth
Newark, NJ

You've got to be kidding—we don't have the time to go out of our way to ridicule anybody, much less blacks. If we were to make the effort to go after any minority, it would be the French.—Eds.

Dear Folks:
Re: "Nahallywood," Feb. 1985.
Rah! Rah! Naha!
The last movie I went out to see was *Christine*. It's getting to where every time a movie ad comes on we chant, "Cable fodder, cable fodder." (Check your "you've got to be kidding me" list especially.) We like to think of the moviemakers as unfinished pod people.

Sharon and David Radabaugh
Richmond, VA

Yes, Christine *turned many of our readers off to film completely.*—Eds.

Dear *Metal*lurgists:
Here in the land of the great prewashed, *HM* is my only salvation. I live in a big, crowded city, with lots of buildings, people, noise, and dog droppings. (Have a clue of what metropolis I'm talking about???) Ofttimes I sit on the subway on my way home from work and drift into the pages of your magazine. One night I might be Rocco Vargas traveling through space in the years to come. Another night I'm Ranxerox swooping Lubna up from the arms of a bad guy, only to bed her down moments later. And a third time I'm a Corben femme bouncing through every page. (This one always makes me tired!)
Heavy Metal is a great cathartic experience that I probably couldn't live without. You people are not to be sneezed at. . . . Will you marry me? All of you! Steven, Michela, Julie, Lou, etc. . . .

Lyle Eastern
The Big Apple, NY

Dearest Lyle: No smokers or dopers. Photo and phone a must.—Eds.

Dear Mr./Ms./Miss/Dr./Lawyer/Indian Chief:
I don't know what you people are doing over there, but whatever it is—keep doing it! The mag is better than ever—Dossier is splendid (Lou Stratos [sic] is no more, eh?). Love Torres, Burns, and the ever-present Drew Friedman, but when are you going to run more Liberatore? I need my fix of sex, drugs, maiming, and other not-nice things. Please! Please! When will my hunk of living metal return?

Stella Seuss
Ogden, UT

STELLLLAAAAAA! *Sorry, we had to do that! Back to the question at hand. We hope to welcome Ranxerox back by the fall of this year. We anxiously await that mass of wires' return, but one never knows, do one?*—Eds.

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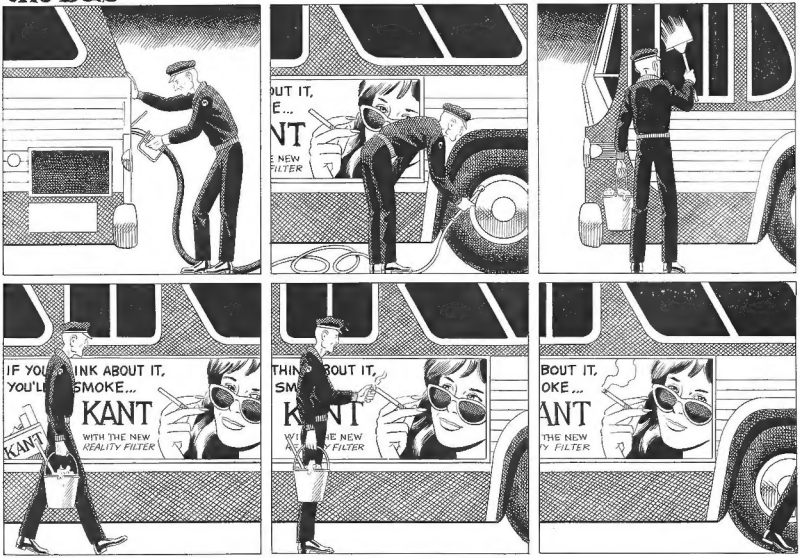

WE WANT YOUR MONEY

A B C D E Photo by Michael Renchiwich

A Berni Wrightson's **Hanover Fiste** and his ne'er-do-well accomplice **Captain Sternn**. You've seen them in the magazine, you've seen them in the *Heavy Metal* movie, now see them coming and going. This durable four-color cotton **T-shirt** is a must for summer. **$7.50**.
____ small ____ medium ____ large

B The **original Heavy Metal T-shirt** comes in red and black and is made of cotton-blend. The essential HM product. **$7.50**
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____ large ____ red ____ black

C *Heavy Metal*'s pride and joy, our silver, satin-like **jacket**, equipped with a cotton lining, and front pockets, too. Hipper than a Stones '72 tour jacket! **$36.00**.
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D **Heavy Metal's phosphorescent T-shirt**. These all-cotton tees are available in sleeveless or regular style black shirts. Wear it to bed and you won't need a nite-lite to find your way to the bathroom. **$8.00**
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E Our latest and greatest product—the **Heavy Metal all-cotton sweatshirt**. Wear it to the gym or to your fave dance spot and watch those calories melt away while maintaining your ultra-chic image. **$15.95**.
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You can now smack **Ranxerox's** pretty puss right on your lapel with this handsome **color pin**. **$5.00,** includes postage and handling. Don't leave home without it!
____ /Ranxerox pin.

Keep your pants up with a **Heavy Metal belt buckle**. It's 3¼" × 2" and will fit any standard belt. Also deflects alien laser guns. **$10.95**

Check off what you like and how many you want. Include size and color. Add up what it costs. (Add 8¼% sales tax if you live in New York State.) Write a check or money order for the total, put it in an envelope with this ad, and send it to:

Heavy Metal, Dept. HM685, 635 Madison Ave., New York, NY 10022.

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If you don't wish to cut the page out, but do wish to order, please print or type all applicable info on a separate piece of paper, and enclose it with a check or money order. After all, you wouldn't take scissors to the Mona Lisa, would you?

"You Jane—me Edgar!"
Edgar Rice Burroughs lives on!
Burns's "El Borbah" concludes!
The last word on Stephen King—for now!
I AM THE LIBERATOR !!
COME ON IN BOYS... YOU'RE NEXT!
A GOLDEN-TRESSED MAIDEN, CRUELLY SHACKLED TO THE TIME-NIBBLED DEATH COLUMN!
WERE ALWAYS TOO LATE, IF WE DID THINGS ANY WAY, WE'D GET THERE WHEN THE PARTY'S IN FULL SWING, NOT WHEN IT'S OVER!
I HAVEN'T THE FAINTEST IDEA! BELIEVE ME, KID!
IMAGINE, I WON'T BE IF I REFUSE!